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MEMOIR
OF
Mrs. JONES.

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Elvira J. Jones

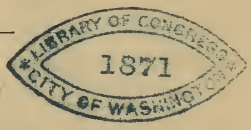
MEMOIR

OF

MRS. ELIZA G. JONES,

MISSIONARY TO BURMAH AND SIAM.

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.



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No. 21 South Fourth Street.

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WILLIAM W. KEEN,

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MEMOIR.

Mrs. Eliza G. Jones was the eldest child of Henry and Susan Grew. She was born in Providence, R. I., March 30th, 1803. After mentioning an early developement of a desire for knowledge and an intellectual aptitude to attain it, nothing of peculiar interest is to be recorded of her youthful period, until He, who gave her existence, imparted to her that boon of sovereign love which renders that existence blissful and glorious forever. Early instructed in regard to her relation to the God of her being and her mercies, and his claims to her love and service; faithfully informed that she pertained to that family, *all* the members of which are "by nature children of wrath," and that there is no deliverance from this state of condemnation but by being born of the Spirit of God, it pleased Him, who hath mercy on whom he will have

mercy, to crown these instructions with the efficacy of his precious grace.

Of this divine favour, the following letter to a friend presents an interesting recital.

Hartford, January 1st, 1823.

In giving you an account of my past experience, dear ————, I hardly know where to begin; should I tell you of my first serious thoughts, I must point you as far back as the sixth or seventh year of my age; for I recollect exhorting my schoolfellows to repentance and reformation, and exciting their sympathies and my own, by a recital of the goodness of God, at that age. But the serious impressions of my childhood, although often pungent, were like the morning cloud and the early dew, which vanish away. Always ardent in my feelings, with the gay I have ever been the gayest; with the wild, the wildest; with the serious, the most serious; in joy, the most elated; in sorrow, the most afflicted; and if I have at any time attained a proper medium, it has cost me a great deal of pains to preserve it. The conversation of my father, the closing of the year, the recurrence of my birth-day, and especially the perusal of Mrs.

Newell's writings, have all been sources of awakening to my conscience.

In the year 1814, there was a revival of religion in this town, and about that time I was under the influence of religious impressions, more or less, for more than a year, and at one time *almost* thought that I had experienced a change of heart. I however did not dare to speak of my feelings to *any one*, but thought my *conduct* should decide whether I was a Christian or not, both for myself and others. Alas! the case was soon decided. I could not give up the world, (which was dearer to me at that age, than it has ever been since,) of course could not serve Jesus. My impressions gradually died away, and at last I lost them. In March, 1820, I went to Boston: while there, I indulged in all the sin and vanity that I dared. But conscience had not yet ceased to do her office, and, to appease her, I had recourse to a system of self-righteousness, consistent with the erroneous doctrine, which I was in the habit of hearing from the pulpit at that time. I pretended to read my Bible, and to "thank God" twice a day, and asked for those temporal blessings which I wished for; spiritual blessings I did not

consider needful, and often, (as you may well imagine,) I either forgot or neglected to ask for any. In short, I endeavoured to force myself into the belief that a change of heart was a mere chimera, and that the promise, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," meant merely this: believe that such a person as Jesus Christ came into the world and died for sinners, and his blood shall atone for all your sins, without your care or attention. In this dreadful state of presumption and carnal security, I returned to Hartford, in the month of November. Oh! had I remained there, [in Boston,] as I wished, I might have been confirmed in the awful delusion, and gone down to hell with a lie in my right hand. In the whole course of my life, I never was so much opposed to conviction, yet conviction I could not withstand. I thought I would put it off until after I had attended a party to which I expected soon to be invited, and *then* I would set about seeking religion *in earnest*. I had no sooner made this resolution, than all my seriousness vanished. In vain did I try to obtain it after the party was over. It was gone, nor would the most searching sermons have any effect upon me, till one evening, as I was sitting

in the Baptist vestry, before the services commenced, the idea was suggested to me that the spirit of the Lord had departed, and that I was given over to destruction. A few days after, I read some remarks upon the unpardonable sin, and became convinced that my day of grace was over. About this time I staid a night at Wethersfield, where the Lord was then powerfully at work. The sight of the young converts there was very painful to me, for I believed that I should never feel any more conviction. I could not bear to look at them, or hear them speak; and, after meeting, I walked alone to the house where I lodged, and retired as soon as possible, in order to avoid them; but when alone in my chamber, my own thoughts became intolerable. My sins seemed to rise like waves to swallow me up; one brought another to view, and I thought that there need not be a worse hell than to be overwhelmed with a sense of guilt. All this time, my heart was at enmity with God! I knew not what to do, or where to go. Punishment appeared inevitable, and punishment was all I dreaded. Some time after this, my feelings changed, and I could view God, not only as a just, but also as a holy, merciful, and good being;

but, as I supposed I had sinned away my day of grace, and it would be impossible ever to obtain salvation. At length I was brought to see that there *might* be mercy for me, and tried to obtain it. I had a great aversion to saying any thing on the subject of religion, and have been afraid to take up my Bible, in presence of the family, for fear they should think that I had become serious. No one but ——— knew any thing of my exercises for a long time, and the first time Mr. Cushman spoke to me, I trembled so that I could scarcely stand! On the evening of the 31st of December, I refused to stay to a prayer meeting after sermon, for fear of being conversed with; this distressed me exceedingly after I returned home, for I believed that I had denied the Saviour. The next morning, two years ago this day, I arose with a resolution to testify of the goodness of God to those around me, although I had no idea that I was a Christian. I exhorted my sisters and a young lady who had slept with them, and felt some pleasure in reflecting upon the character of God, but was not conscious of any hope of being interested in his love. Several weeks after, as I opened my Bible, (which I was not now ashamed of,) the 26th verse of the 36th

chapter of Ezekiel, met my eye, when I immediately left the room, and, bursting into tears, cried out, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Then I could say, "*my* Lord and *my* God;" and although I have, since then, had many doubts and fears, although I have sinned and gone far astray from him, yet I think that I can say I have never *entirely* lost the sense of his goodness, his infinite condescension, which I felt at that moment. O my dear ——— I feel that

> "The vast debt of love I owe
> Can never be repaid."

Some years intervened before she had confidence to make a public profession of her faith. A few extracts from her diary will exhibit the character of that faith.

Sept. 13th, 1822.—This day have been committed to the dust the mortal remains of my dear Aunt Eliza! Mourn not, O my soul, for her—weep for thyself—for thy sin; mourn thy own ingratitude—thy own stupidity. Now the world recedes for a moment, but how soon will its temptations return—how soon will it again be my idol, and detach my affections from my dear Redeemer? Without the sanctifying influences

of the Holy Spirit, this solemn providence will be misimproved. Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing upon it, that it may serve to wean me from the world—make me more watchful, more prayerful, more devoted to thy service, and better prepared for that heavenly state of existence where my dear Aunt is now raising her hallelujah to him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever.

Sunday, Oct. 27th.—Oh! it requires affliction succeeding affliction to wean me from this vain, delusive, transitory world. Great God, thou art just, for the affection of thy creatures belongs to thee; and when one judgment did not suffice to draw me back to thee from whom I have revolted, thou hast seen fit to send a second—to add a third. May this not be disregarded like the preceding; may thine authority no longer be trampled upon, and while I mourn the exit of departed friends, may I more bitterly weep for past transgressions.

Dec. 22d.—My unfaithfulness, my worldly-mindedness, my neglect of duty during the last two years are presented to my mind, and fill my soul with anguish. Why have I given the enemies of the cross so much reason to say—"what

do ye more than others"? Why do I not live as Jesus Christ lived? as his saints live, or even as I once lived myself? Death hastens on apace; eternity with all its realities will soon be unfolded to my view, my day of grace will soon be over. "Arise, O sleeper, and call upon thy God."

Dec. 31st.—Tremble, O my soul, at the review of the past year. Think of the sins, the faults, the follies that have so rapidly accumulated during one short year! O Lord, cover me with the robe of Christ's righteousness, that my misimproved years may not rise up in judgment against me. Amen.

Feb. 6th, 1823.—Where is that godly jealousy, that spirit of self-denial, that watchfulness, that engagedness in prayer, that love to God, which were once in exercise? What appears in the heart which they have deserted? O black ingratitude! Worldly conformity, a spirit of levity, anger, pride, neglect of duty, and criminal stupidity, are now apparent in my thoughts, words and actions; and I am daily and hourly bringing reproach upon that religion which it should be my constant endeavor to recommend to all around me. Examine well, O my soul,

the foundation of that hope to which thou art still so fondly clinging; remember there is a hope which perisheth when God takes away the soul.

May 6th.—O that I could say, from the heart, thy will, O God, not mine, be done: that I could bear with patience the trials of this life, and look beyond the grave to that heavenly inheritance which is prepared for all who love God. Why should I charge God foolishly? I am weak and short sighted. I know not what is best. Submit then, O my soul, cheerfully, to the dispensations of that providence which ordereth all thy lot in mercy. Remember that no good thing will thy heavenly Father withhold from those who put their trust in him. Though no eye but his is witness to thy complaints, he knows all thy wants and all thy sorrows, and will assuredly cause all things to work together for thy good.

"I trust in thee, and know on whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee."

On the last Sunday in January, 1827, she confessed her Saviour before men, in the manner he has himself ordained. By her rejoicing

father, she was buried with the Lord in baptism, that she might "fulfil all righteousness," and rise with him to newness of life.

Her views and emotions when she publicly united with his professed disciples, are expressed as follows:

Feb. 11th, 1827.—"I have this day become a member of the visible church of Christ; have openly professed myself his follower, and, in presence of God, angels and men, bound myself, by the most solemn vows to live henceforth to his glory. By thus solemnly entering into covenant with the people of God, I have unequivocally declared that I have come out from the world; that I view the customs and fashions of it as things that are passing away, and which are no longer worthy to engage my attention; that my treasure is in heaven, and that I seek a better country. I have declared my belief that the only object worth my pursuit, is the advancement of the cause of Christ in the world, and that I am determined to devote all my energies, my time, and my talents to the cause which I have espoused; for Christ has said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." I have declared also, by this act, that the children

of God are my chosen, my favorite companions; that, as brethren, their welfare lies near my heart; that their joys are my joys, their sorrows my sorrows. I have declared that I love Jesus Christ better than any earthly good, and am willing to take up my cross and follow him through evil as well as through good report. I have promised to renounce all my idols and to serve God with singleness of heart; to resign all my schemes of worldly prosperity, and follow the example of him who came not to do his own will. In connecting myself with the saints of God, I have engaged to love them, to bear with them, to do them all the good in my power, to assist them by my example and sympathy, in all the various circumstances in which we may respectively be placed. I have given *myself* away to Christ and his church, for time and eternity. After making such vows, should I go back into the world, and forget, as I have often done, my obligation to the glory of God; should I forsake the fountain of living waters, and hew out to myself broken cisterns which can hold none; should I become pleased with the trifles of earth, and pursue, like the worldling, the vain things of time and sense, what a reproach shall

I bring on the cause of Christ; what sorrow to his devoted followers, and what heavy judgments on myself! But how shall such a sinful, fickle, treacherous heart as mine be kept from wandering? How shall I ever be able to keep the solemn covenant into which I have now entered? It is only through him whose strength is made perfect in our weakness, that I can hope to keep the least of these responsible engagements; and I do hope that, with his assistance, I shall be able to live more to his glory than I have ever done. I cannot bear to think that the feelings that have animated my heart this day, especially while sitting down for the first time at the table of the Lord, will, in a few days, evaporate. I cannot bear the thought of being left to wander from Christ; to lose sight of the glories of his kingdom; to become interested again in the trifles of this world; and I *will not* expect it, for He is faithful who has promised to keep his followers to the end. I will believe that he will henceforth keep me from dishonoring his cause and bringing scandal upon his church."

Blessed be the God of salvation, this humble confidence in her Redeemer proved, by its holy fruits, to be his own work of love in her heart.

Communion with Jesus indeed was not *often* enjoyed by his first disciples on the mount. So it was with the beloved subject of this memoir. It was in the vale of humility that she walked with God.

Sept. 4th, 1827.—She thus wrote. "How precious are those visits of his love which Jesus sometimes makes to his unworthy children, when he gives them a sense of their utter unworthiness and vileness, and, at the same time, sets before them, in the light of strong, unwavering faith, his own transcendent power and willingness to save the soul; his blessed promises to sanctify and purify it, and the assurance he has given that wherever a work of grace has been begun in the heart, it shall be carried on till the day of full redemption from all the sin and misery of a fallen world. At such seasons, particularly when the Christian realizes that these glorious views are vouchsafed to him in special answer to prayer, how overwhelming is his sense of that infinite condescension and love which stoops to regard, in such a signal manner, one who has so ungratefully and basely wandered from him; so often disregarded the gracious offer of his presence and blessing; so often dis-

obeyed his commands and wounded him in the house of his friends. And while he is led to exclaim with Job, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes," he cannot but add, in the language of the Apostle, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

September 16th.—"Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour." I have just heard a sermon from these affecting words; but no illustrations of the preacher; no eloquent description of that scene of agony, could raise my mind above the elevation of feeling which the simple reading of the words produced. Gabriel himself could make no adequate comment on a text like that. It is the voice of Jesus proclaiming to the astonished soul in one sublime sentence, the awful nature of sin; the lost condition of the sinner; the inflexible justice and transcendent love of God; the mighty value of the soul, and the enormous price paid for its ransom. After hearing this, no

wonder that the voice of a mortal should fall faintly on the ear. The practical remarks of the preacher interested me much more than his illustrations of the text. His appeal to sinners was solemn and powerful; that to Christians, forcible and affecting. The following impressive sentence will long be engraven on my memory. "In view of this scene, go, ransomed believer, and sin no more forever."

December 1st.—Why do my thoughts recur so frequently to death-bed scenes? Why do I look with such pleasure on the lifeless corpse, and follow with my eyes the passing hearse; my thoughts almost unconsciously darting forward, with a sort of involuntary delight, to the day when it shall carry me to the house appointed for all living? Is it because I am already fitted for the holy mansions above? Is it because I cannot sustain the ills of this life, that I long to "fly away and be at rest?" Because I cannot bear the conflict with my evil heart; my carnal propensities; my inordinate affections; my unhallowed desires; my selfish disposition? God has promised his assistance in this warfare, and however discouraging or distressing it may be, his grace will be sufficient for

me during its continuance, and will sooner or later enable me to overcome. Do I long for heaven because I have no work to do on earth? Tongue cannot utter, thought cannot conceive, the vast extent of labor which lies before the Christian. Were I a minister of the gospel, commissioned to proclaim salvation to a perishing world, should I wish to leave my work and go home to glory? No, the longest life would then be too short to accomplish all I should wish to do for God and my fellow sinners. But there is within my own sphere of action much more to be done than I can hope ever to accomplish; and shall I let *one* talent remain unoccupied because I do not possess *five?* Shall I wish to be dismissed from my Captain's service and go home, because I am placed in the rear of his army? Let me work while the day lasts, remembering that "the night cometh in which no man can work."

June 5th, 1828.—This day I have set apart for private fasting, humiliation and prayer. A slight inspection of the state of my heart shows me how much I need such an exercise. O how little have I been aware of the depravity of my nature! How little have I realized my inward

pollution? Where is the accomplishment of all my good resolutions? I have resolved to live to the glory of God; but selfishness is still ruling (I had almost said supremely) in my heart. I have resolved to exercise great faith and confidence in my heavenly Father; but unbelief and distrust still cleave to me. I have resolved to submit quietly and cheerfully to all the dispensations of his providence; but forget that He is infinite in wisdom and goodness as well as power, and murmur at his will. I have resolved to deny self; to fight against all my evil passions; to bear with meekness and patience all the vexations and trials that I meet with; but continue to indulge irritability of temper, anger, arrogance and impatience. I have resolved to cultivate a spirit of universal love and benevolence toward all my fellow creatures; but have often neglected their interest, wounded their feelings, disregarded their happiness, misconstrued their conduct, and unnecessarily exposed their faults. But the most humiliating thought of all is, that notwithstanding my professions of self-abasement, and my resolutions to live humble at the foot of the cross, I find myself inflated with pride, filled with self-conceit,

thinking myself to be something when I am nothing, and expecting others to pay me the same homage which I pay to myself. Surely when Satan mixed for our race the bitter cup of sin, which he presented to us through our first parents, he made his own master passion a principal ingredient. It infuses its poison into every thing I do. How wondrously will the efficacy of the blood of Christ be displayed, in the purification of such a heart; and how gloriously will the grace of God shine in its sanctification!"

The following was written a few weeks after her first expectation of going to Burmah.

March 24th, 1830.—I have set apart this day for fasting and special prayer for more spiritual-mindedness, a spirit of deeper devotion and divine direction respecting my future path in life.

Last evening I took up some lines written on the death of Mrs. Judson; and as I read the affecting description of her death, the trials incident to the life of a missionary, were so vividly brought before my mind, that my heart almost sunk within me. I thought of Henry Martyn, travelling through the burning desert alone and friendless, lying on the hard ground in a scorching fever and chilling ague; of both sinking,

under trials too great for human endurance, into the arms of the last enemy, without a friend to wipe from their brows the cold sweat of death, or administer one word of comfort as they passed through the dark valley. I thought of Harriet Newell, and all the sufferings she endured on her disastrous voyage from Calcutta to the Isle of France: of Parsons, of Fisk, and of many other servants of God who devoted themselves to Him "in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings;" and I felt assured that such must be my lot if I should go among the heathen.

This day commenced with a different train of thought. Distressed with my want of conformity to God, I cast myself before him, earnestly supplicating his pardon for my past sins, and the assistance of his Holy Spirit to change my polluted heart. I never had that ardent piety, that singleness of heart, that deadness to the world, which not only every missionary, but *every christian* ought to possess.

Again my thoughts have recurred to the path which I must tread should I devote myself to the mission. Can I leave my native land, and

all the privileges which I enjoy, to go to a country of moral darkness and superstition? Can I forego the society of my christian friends; the assemblies of the saints, to associate with strangers and heathens? Can I forsake my pleasant home where I have spent so many years in ease, plenty and happiness, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth, to endure trials, privations and hardships, of which I can now form no conception? There have been times when I have felt such an ardent, inexpressible desire to do something for God; to manifest in some way my attachment to Jesus; to devote every moment of my short life to his service, that I have thought no sacrifice too great to make, no trials too severe to be endured, so that I might do some good in his cause, or be the means of the conversion of one soul. And shall I now draw back? Shall I withhold any thing from Jesus? From Him who has died to redeem me from sin and misery; who, I trust, has renewed me by his grace, and is now preparing for me a mansion in the realms of eternal glory? No: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

May 16.—When shall I lie prostrate at the

foot of the cross? Never, never, dear Lord, till thine own Spirit's influences bring me there. O that I could lose all thought of self in the contemplation of eternal things. Well; I do hope that a time will come, even in this life, when my time will be so fully occupied, and my attention so entirely engrossed with my Master's work, that I shall find little leisure to think of any thing else.

May 24.—Heard a most excellent and animating discourse from Psalm 104. My emotions, while listening to it, were varied. The leading reflections of my mind were on the amazing stupidity and depravity of mankind, worshipping images their own hands have formed from stocks and stones! Wonderful and appalling proof of the power of sin over the human intellect! Felt some ardent desires to make known to poor benighted Burmans their glorious beneficent Creator, and to endeavor to persuade them to exchange their anticipations of supreme good in annihilation, for the glorious hope of immortality.

If it is strange that the heathen should bow down to idols, and more surprizing that those who live within the sound of the gospel should

reject it; how much more astonishing is it that those who have experienced the blessedness of pardoning love, and tasted the sweetness of communion with God, should set their affections on the world, neglect their privileges, and withhold from their Redeemer, their time, their talents and their influence.

Blessed God! fill my mind with such a sense of thy glorious perfections, of thy transcendent love, that I shall continually pant after conformity to thee, and lose all relish for every enjoyment but those which flow from thy presence."

On the 14th of July 1830, Miss Grew was married to John Taylor Jones, who had been appointed by the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, missionary to Burmah. With Messrs. Ramsey, Read, Hervey, and their wives, missionaries appointed by the A. B. C. F. M., they embarked in the Corvo, Capt. Spaulding, on the 2d of August, being commended to the grace of God by the prayers of the saints. The parting hour was also cheered with the song of praise to Him who has commanded his disciples to go into all the world and preach his gospel to every creature, promising to be with them even "unto the end of the world."

To a heart, glowing so vividly with the fire of friendship, this was indeed the hour of trial! But, blessed be the Father of mercies, his grace triumphed. Writing Nov. 11th, in the Indian Ocean, she remarked, "When nature had forced from me a short indulgence of her feelings, I began to supplicate the God of missions for a performance of His promise, "My strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness." Since that time I have suffered less from the loss of my friends' society than I anticipated. Many other favors have made large demands on my gratitude. We have had a kind, attentive captain; agreeable company, good accommodations, &c. Our religious privileges have been far greater than most missionaries are allowed on ship board, and my own spiritual blessings have not been small."

Extract from a letter, dated, Nov. 26th, Indian Ocean.

"What would I not give to see you by my side at this moment, and, instead of transmitting to a silent sheet of paper, mere fragments of the thousand thoughts which I wish to communicate to you, pour them unmutilated into your ear, fresh

and warm from the heart, and hear the responses of friendship. But separated as we are, and deprived of the pleasures of personal intercourse, I eagerly employ even an inadequate vehicle; and most sincerely thankful would I be to Him who "guides the affairs of men," that any means have been devised for the transmission of thought from one side of the globe to the opposite."

Referring to the parting scene, she remarked, "The last ties which bound me to the friends of my youth, to home and native land, were now sundered, and since that time I have felt that I am literally a pilgrim and stranger on the earth, with little prospect of having any permanent home in this life. But what is our life? Inspiration answers, "It is even as a vapor which appeareth for a *little* time, and then vanisheth away." My home, I trust, is in heaven; and there I hope to meet many of those to whom my heart still clings with fondest affection. Amid the glorious scenes which will then surround us, and the pure delights which friendship there shall taste, all the sacrifices, toils and trials which now cause us so much suffering, will dwindle into their own real insignificance, and

if they have been instrumental in the smallest degree of guiding *one* soul to those blissful regions, will prove sources of exquisite and undying happiness to our own immortal minds.

Many agreeable associations entwine themselves with the recollection of my dear ———. Among them is the female prayer meeting in which we have been associated. It has been a source of no small consolation and encouragement to Mr. J. and myself, when at times almost overborne by a sense of our unfitness for the arduous work we have undertaken, to be able to say to ourselves and to each other, "many christians are praying for us." At such times, imagination, swifter than the rays of light, transports me to dear America, and carries me from one little circle to another where supplications are ascending to heaven in my behalf, until hope and confidence kindle in my heart.

River Hoogly, Dec. 21st.—I have not time to describe to you my emotions at sight of land once more, or on beholding the degraded inhabitants of idolatrous India. Indeed it will be more easy for you to imagine than for me to describe them.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

Dec. 22.—After breakfast Capt. S., Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Read, went ashore at Diamond harbor for an hour or two, and brought us some cocoa nuts. At our evening devotions a very intelligent sircar was present. He understands English, and brother Ramsey held quite an interesting conversation with him on the manners and customs of his country. He says that, in forty or fifty years, the Bengalees will all be christians, acknowledges that their own religion is foolish and its requirements oppressive; but says, if he should not conform to it, that all his relatives would despise and forsake him.

Respecting a future state, he says, "We not know where the *life* go, when the body dies." Of their mourning customs he gave us a particular account. "When a father dies, we cry all the day long, and mourn for him one month. We not chew betel-nut; not eat ghee (butter) or curry with our rice; taste no sweetmeats, not shave, not wear any fine cotton, never wash or oil the body, never change clothes for one month. Women cry every day all the month. Men not cry all the time. We sigh and mourn

in our hearts." When asked, "how long do you mourn for a son?" he replied, "we mourn great many; we sorry all our life." "And when women die what do you do?" "O, women; *we not care much for them.*"

Evening. Passed several native villages. Their thatched huts are built very close together, and resemble a collection of clumsy hay-stacks. At one of these villages it happened to be market-day. We had a full view of thousands of natives assembled under the trees on the bank of the river. A little farther on, we saw a woman standing in the water, assisting her husband in drawing a fishing net; the first Bengalee female we have seen. The lower castes are not particular, like their superiors, to keep their wives out of sight.

Dec. 24.—Well, we have actually set foot on the Asiatic shore. While we lay at anchor this morning Capt. S. took all the ladies in his boat to Budge-budge, a native town on the bank of the river.

Dec. 25.—This morning the "City of Palaces" opened on our view. The scenery on that part of the river called Garden Reach is very fine, for this perfectly level country. Both

banks are lined with the country-houses of English residents, which look very pretty among the shrubbery. They are built of brick or tile, covered with chunam, a kind of white plaster; their windows, which reach down to the floor, have green venitian blinds, and the verandahs are supported by large handsome pillars, of the same material as the house. Cows, sheep and goats feeding around them, contribute much to the beauty of the landscape.

Mr. J. and myself, having received a kind invitation from brother William Yates, pastor of the Circular Road (Baptist) church, to make his house our home, proceeded thither, and arrived in time for dinner at four o'clock.

Dec. 26.—Attended service this morning at Circular Road chapel. O how delightful was it to worship God once more in the congregation of his saints.

Jan. 2d, 1831.—Mr. Jones preached at Circular Road chapel in the morning, after which Mr. Yates baptized three young Englishmen and two native women.

January 7. I went into Mrs. Yates' school today. It is taught by a native Christian woman, in a bungalow near the house, and contains sixty

scholars. Mrs. Y. visits it almost daily, and always knows whether the teacher and scholars are punctual or not. The little ones sit on mats round narrow desks for their books, which form hollow squares, in the centre of which the teacher sits on a mat.

Sunday, January 9. At five o'clock went with Mr. J. to the bungalow, (a small thatched building,) where Mr. Pearce meets the native Christians. He preaches to them in the morning; examines them in the afternoon, to ascertain whether they understood his sermon; and then, after a short intermission, preaches again. Services all in the Bengalee language. To-day was their communion season, and it was quite affecting to sit down at the table of our Lord with such an assembly. O, if the time shall ever arrive, when I shall enjoy the felicity of sitting down to the sacramental supper with *one soul* who has, by my instrumentality, been rescued from the slavery of heathenism, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, I am sure that I shall feel that all the sacrifices I have made, and all the toils and trials I may hereafter be called to suffer, are repaid, infinitely more than repaid.

January 10. Was much struck with the sight

of such throngs of fellow-beings passing onward to eternity without any knowledge of a Saviour, or hope of immortality. In Calcutta alone, work might be found for hundreds of faithful missionaries. O! when will Christ's followers be fully alive to the wants and the miseries of the heathen world! When will each one obey, to the extent of his ability, the last command of his divine Master, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?"

January 25th. Last evening Mr. J. and myself went up the river to Serampore, with Messrs. John and Joshua Marshman. We found their venerable father sitting up for us. He welcomed us with much cordiality, saying, "we think all missionaries who come to this country belong to us." Mr. and Mrs. M. are still engaged in schools. They have about forty scholars each. This morning Brother M. took us over the college building. There are twenty native students belonging to the college, and twelve sons of missionaries. Brother Carey still has the superintendence of it. We next went to pay a visit to the good old patriarch, whose dwelling is very near the college and mission house. He gave us a hearty welcome, and showed us his extensive

library, and collection of natural curiosities. After dining at brother Marshman's, we took an affectionate farewell of our kind friends, scarcely conscious that our acquaintance was that of a day. On my part, it really was not so, for the names of Carey and Marshman had been known, loved, and associated with all my ideas of India and missionary operations since the days of early childhood.

January 29th. Brother W. H. Pearce kindly offered us his carriage to go to Chitpore to-day. We set off at six o'clock A. M., and arrived in time to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. G. Pearce, who reside at this station. After breakfast, we visited the day schools. The girls' school, superintended by Mrs. P., consists of one hundred and sixty scholars. Their first attempt at writing was made on long smooth leaves. They read Bengalee only. The boys are taught English. There is also a school at this station for those who speak the Hindostanee language, and a chapel in which Brother P. preaches every Sunday, in Bengalee.

31st. There are many things to dishearten and oppress the missionary when he first finds himself in a heathen land, surrounded by idolaters;

yet much also to show him the necessity for the sacrifice he has made, and to stimulate him to exertion. Beloved friends at home are dearer to me now than ever, but may I not say that precious souls are dearer too? I think so.

Extract from a letter to a friend.

My views of the enterprise which I have undertaken, now I am drawing near to the land where its arduous duties are soon to be entered upon, will perhaps interest you as much as any train of thought which I can pursue. You will wish to know how things appear to my mind since the bustle is over, the novelty passed by, the sacrifice made, the die cast for my future destiny. All is *reality* now. The fleecy, golden tipped clouds of enthusiasm and romantic zeal, through which the missionary enterprize is often contemplated by those who sit around home's cheerful fireside, have vanished, and left the mighty work naked to the gaze of the trembling volunteer; and had I not the strongest conviction that the providence of God has called me to this work, consequently, that I shall be assisted by Almighty energy in my attempts to perform it, I should shrink, disheartened, from all that lies before me. O! did chris-

tians at home know how much missionaries need their prayers; did they realize what varied qualifications they require, what a large measure of the heavenly graces is indispensible to their usefulness, how many temptations lie in their path, how difficult it is to order their conversation and deportment in such a manner as to honor the cause which they have espoused, among the different classes of people with whom they are called to associate from time to time, and how liable they are, almost every moment, to bring reproach on that cause, they would feel that we have strong claims on their frequent and fervent intercession at the throne of grace.

Our friends are only the dearer to us for the oceans that roll between us and them; and the comforts of home seem sweeter than ever, since we have been deprived of them. Is there then no danger of our looking back with such ardent desires to the beloved spot as to palsy our energies and even tempt us to abandon our work and retrace our steps? How much wisdom do we need to enable us to form judicious plans; what patience to bear with the prejudices and ignorance of minds long accustomed to idolatry and moral pollution; what perseverance and

fortitude to perform all the labors and endure the trials of such a life; what meekness and forbearance to maintain a unity of feeling and action with those, who, though brethren having the same great cause at heart as ourselves, have nevertheless been educated with different modes of thinking, habits and customs, and on many minor matters of opinion cherish different sentiments.

I do not make these remarks because I look with greater dread, or less pleasure, than at first, on the work which lies before me; for I still believe that I "counted the cost" of such an enterprise, as far as I could do so under existing circumstances, before I consented to embark in it. The nearer I approach the probable scene of my future labors, the more ardently do I long to find myself surrounded by the benighted Burmans, doing something to raise them from their present degradation and misery to the glorious privileges of the gospel of Christ. But I feel more and more sensibly that I, as well as every other missionary, am entirely dependent on the influences of the Holy Spirit to keep my heart faithful to the end, to guide my steps aright; and to make any of my efforts success-

ful; and I know that the fervent prayers of the righteous shall avail much, whenever they shall be offered for me and my associates in this arduous employment.

Extract of a letter dated Calcutta, January 28, 1831.

"We have found time to make some valuable acquaintances and to enjoy some sweet intercourse with the dear missionary brethren who reside here. Mr. and Mrs. Yates, at whose hospitable mansion we have found a home for a few weeks, are so friendly, kind and social, that they are already beloved by us like old friends, and we shall suffer much pain at parting with them."

Journal. Feb. 1st.—This morning we took a painful farewell of our hospitable friends in Calcutta, and came down the river in a budgerow, a boat with a little cuddy, having green blinds and rowed by six natives. We expected to have found the brig Bucephalus, in which we are to sail for Maulmain, at Olabarea, a village about fifteen miles from Calcutta, but she had gone, and we did not reach her until evening.

Feb. 15.—This afternoon the Martaban hills afforded us our first glimpse of Burmah. This

evening we are lying at anchor below Amherst. My sensations, while gazing on its shore, are new and intense. Shall my lot in this pagan land be like that of her, whose remains lie sleeping there? Rather let me ask shall I be faithful to my God? Shall my spirit be receiving the reward of the righteous, when my dust shall also be mouldering on a foreign shore?

Extract of a letter dated Maulmain, March 3, 1831.

On the 15th February, we anchored off Amherst, where we saw a light glimmering from a house near the spot where the dust of Mrs. Judson waits its reunion with the glorified spirit which has forsaken it. On the 17th, Mr. J. and myself were in Capt. Tozer's jolly-boat on our way to this place where we arrived between five and six o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett received us joyfully, and Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid and Mrs. Mason soon came in to welcome us to Burmah. Brother and sister Wade were at Amherst. Fifty-six have been added to the Karen church within the last two months, and many more are inquiring for the bread of life. But he who has hitherto broken it to them is

taken from them. Brother Boardman rests from all his toils. The last scene of his life was an affecting one. As he felt his last days approaching, his desires to see his flock among the Karens became so great that he set off to meet them at one of their villages. In his weak emaciated state, he could only be carried on a litter, but he arrived in safety. They flocked around him, and the last Sunday which he spent on earth was in their midst. Brother Mason, by the aid of Mrs. B., who speaks Burman, and a Burman who speaks the Karen language, examined and baptized thirty-four. The next day they commenced their return to Tavoy, and within half a day's journey of his home, having bequeathed his beloved charge of precious souls to brother Mason, our lamented brother closed his eyes on all earthly scenes. As it was said of his divine Master, "having loved his own he loved them to the end," so it might be said of him, having loved the dear flock Christ had given him, he loved them to the end.

Journal. Feb. 17th.—After breakfast, the native Christians began coming to see us. They expressed much joy at seeing new teachers.

We found a house on the Mission-premises ready for our reception, now occupied only by Mrs. Mason who is daily expecting to go to Tavoy.

Feb. 25.—Commenced the study of Burman with the assistance of Ko Myat Kyan, a native itinerant preacher who is here for a short time. The greater part of the sounds in this language are entirely different to those of the English, consequently, I am not able to make them at first, but hope that I shall learn them in time.

March 4.—This evening I have walked out to look about me a little for the first time, and visited a small pagoda in our vicinity. Its base is rectangular; a few feet from the ground it assumes an octangular figure, and terminates in a conical richly-gilded spire. In a nat-house adjoining, are three images of Gaudama, larger than life, made of tile, painted and gilded. To these works of their own hands, (one of them but half finished,) the poor deluded Budhists were bowing down in the dust, and presenting offerings. My heart was so pained at the sight, that I felt no inclination to stop and examine the idols.

"March 6th, Sunday.—Attended worship at the chapel this morning and evening. In the interval, met to receive the Lord's Supper with the Burman church. It was an interesting season to me. There is something striking in the attitudes which the natives of the east assume in prayer. They sit on mats on the floor; and when about to pray, throw themselves forward on their faces which they cover with both hands.

"March 13th.—Commenced a Sunday-school for the boys of the regiment. Thirteen came this morning.

"March 30th.—Brother and sister Mason left us this evening, and went on board a brig bound to Tavoy. Thus are my parting scenes renewed from time to time. Three soldiers have been baptized this evening by brother Kincaid.

"April 3d.—Mee Mo, one of the boarding school girls, was baptized to-day. There is much seriousness in the school. I often hear the girls praying as I pass the school-house. My Sunday-school flourishes beyond my expectation.

"April 9th.—After having studied pretty regularly upon it for a month, I have at length fin-

ished what is called the Them-bong-gee or Burman spelling book, consisting of the syllables, combinations of letters, &c. The Burman alphabet consists of thirty-two letters. Some of them appear to be sounded precisely alike. Others differ only in being with or without an aspirate.

"April 17th, Sunday.—I have a new scholar almost every week. My present number is eighteen. I generally have as many as thirteen at a time.

"April 20th.—While I was sitting with the Burman girls this afternoon, one of the Budhist priestesses came in. She has been two or three times to Mrs. Wade to inquire concerning the religion of Jesus, and wishes to learn to read. We have taken three new scholars into the boarding-school to-day. I have designated one of them for the ladies in Lowell, who gave me money for the support of one. Mr. Wade has an inquirer at his zayat every day. He is a young man, interesting in appearance.

"April 26th.—The inquirer mentioned on the 20th has to-day requested baptism. He says that he firmly believes the Christian religion to be true; that every thing appears new and

wonderful to him, and that there is but one alloy to his new found happiness: His forefathers have died, and his friends still live, in error and delusion. He seems much affected with the astonishing love of Christ. There are three or four other native candidates for baptism.

"Sunday, May 1st.—Brother Kincaid baptized three soldiers, and brother Wade two Burmese women. I have often felt a peculiar animation in looking around on an assembly as they stood on the river's brink to see this ordinance performed; but to stand amid a crowd of heathens on such an occasion, and see two, regardless of the contumely and revilings of their friends and neighbors, going down into the water before them all, and being baptized in the name of Jesus of Nazareth; a name as much despised and hated here, as it was among his own countrymen in the days of his incarnation, was a novel and intensely interesting situation.

"May 29th.—An accession of eight has been made to the churches in this idolatrous, licentious city to-day! The wives of three sergeants, three soldiers and two Burman women. Thus God is graciously encouraging us, though our Budhist rivals do set up a shout of triumph

over us every week as they pass brother W's. zayat in their priest-making processions."

Extract of a letter dated Maulmain, July 7th, 1831.

"Dear ——:

"You have probably heard of our pleasant voyage across two oceans and our safe arrival at the metropolis of British India. Before this reaches you we hope also that you will have heard of our comfortable settlement in this far-distant land; distant from our native shore, the endeared scenes of our childhood and youth, and from all the beloved friends whose society has, for so long a period, cheered our path through "time's dark wilderness;" yet as near to heaven, the Christian's dearest home; as near to God, the purest source of happiness, as the lovelier and more highly favored land of our birth.

"Here we are, on Burmah's heathen shore, surrounded by thousands, and tens of thousands, who have never heard the word of life. We see all the populous country which still belongs to the king of Ava, involved in the gloom of a religion whose highest reward, and the most cherished hopes of whose votaries, centre in

annihilation, enlightened only by the few rays which brother Judson is enabled to scatter by means of tracts and portions of scripture given to visitors from various parts of the country at Rangoon, who receive them with great avidity. Still nearer to us, are thousands of Talings, enslaved to the same cold and cheerless faith who are waiting for the glorious doctrine of the cross. The Karens, a people scattered all over this vast peninsula, having no religion of any kind, are flocking in much eagerness to our missionary stations to receive one, which, according to a tradition prevalent among some of them, is to be given to them by a people coming from the west."

Extract from a letter dated Rangoon, July 29th, 1831.

"Beloved ——:

"You will see by the above date that we have changed the place of our residence, and are now within the dominions of his 'golden footed majesty.' After much deliberation, and, I trust, sincere petitions for divine guidance, we have thought it best for the interests of the mission to locate ourselves here, at least for a few months. We were joyfully welcomed by

brother Judson, who is very anxious that this station should not remain unoccupied. He stayed with us until the Tuesday evening following, and then embarked for Maulmain where his presence is indispensable to the operations of the press.

"Poor Ko Thah Ay, the native pastor, who has been faithful and zealous in the midst of much persecution, is now greatly discouraged and almost ready to follow brother Judson to Maulmain, through fear of his life. Moung En would not dare to labor in the public way he does, were it not that, being a citizen of Maulmain, he is a British subject, and can claim protection, or go away, whenever he meets with any trouble. When we consider the variety of artifices resorted to by the petty magistrates to alarm them; the reproach, derision, hatred and insult which they constantly suffer from their relatives, neighbors and countrymen of every class, it seems to me wonderful that any among them continue as faithful as they do."

Journal. "July 24th, Sunday.—Through the exertions of Ko Thah Ay, about twenty were present at worship. They were not all

members of the church; two or three are inquirers; one, an old man who has come from a neighboring town to introduce his son to the Woonghee.

"August 20th.—To-day I have taken a walk to the great pagoda; the far-famed Shway Dagong, about two miles from the city. You may find a description of it in Mrs. Judson's memoirs. But no pen can accurately transfer to an American imagination the confused assemblage of grotesque objects with which it is surrounded. Now think of the many thousands of pagodas, zayats, kyoungs, and images which encircle this one city, with their huge ornaments of lions, crocodiles, peacocks and other animals, many times larger than life; add to this the immense expense of making and keeping in repair, bridges and roads leading to them, through a marsh, from almost every gate, and the maintenance of thousands of priests, who not only live in luxury, but grow rich on the liberal offerings of their followers; recollecting too, how short a time buildings, images, bridges, roads, &c., last in this country of dilapidation and decay; and tell me what portion of the Christian community can furnish a parallel of zeal

and devotedness, in sustaining the cause of Jesus!

"August 28.—Received letters from America, Bombay, &c. Through the mercy of our heavenly Father, our beloved relatives were, at the last dates, all still living and in good health; but several other friends have bid adieu to earthly scenes. Good Dr. Cogswell, so long the kind friend of my father and family, and the benefactor of his race, has passed, followed by his affectionate Alice, into another, and I trust, a happier state of existence. Sister Hervey too is gone. Dear Eliza! Can it be that she has taken her upward flight without even entering on those employments which she contemplated with so much pleasure, and for which she seemed so eminently qualified? Truly

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

"August 31st.—Full moon; the most distinguished worship-day in the month. After sunset I walked with Mr. J. to the pagoda. After ascending the terrace steps, between two huge lions, found myself surrounded by as complete a scene of enchantment as I ever witnessed

Around the large, splendidly gilt idols, hundreds of small wax candles, (some of which were run into forms resembling flowers and other fanciful figures,) were burning. The carved railing which surrounds the open temple in which these idols are enshrined was decorated with various sorts of beautiful flowers; and stands, covered with nat-offerings, were placed here and there about the terrace. The area was occupied by men, women, and children, some moving about among the fairy scenery, some standing to chat, and others reverently kneeling, with bouquets of flowers raised above their heads between the palms of their hands, before the pagodas and images, muttering their prayers. The males have ample garments of gay colored silk; the females attired in white muslin jackets over striped silk petticoats, wearing golden necklaces and ear ornaments, and their shining black hair decorated with flowers. Ah! what attractions has the humble, simple religion of Jesus to draw the idolator away from such imposing scenes? The heart must be radically changed by divine grace before we can expect it to give up a religion so congenial to its carnal nature.

Extract from a letter dated Aug. 30, 1831.

"The spirit of inquiry respecting the christian religion continues to spread among the people. Scarce a day passes in which we are not visited by some persons, either inhabitants of the city, or strangers from the interior, who come to receive tracts, or converse on the subject. Moung En is, as far as we can judge, a zealous advocate for the truth, and often gives them an abstract of the Christian doctrines in a very short interview. Though the precious seed seems to produce little fruit at present, we hope that it will not be lost. God has promised to bless his truth, and from him alone we expect the blessing. Meanwhile it is ours to labor, and pray, and watch closely our own deceitful hearts, that we undertake nothing, and wish for nothing, but with reference to his glory. This is to me the most difficult part of missionary duty.

"Brother J. is now on a tour to visit the Karens in the jungle, who are increasingly anxious to hear the truth. My little Burman school flourishes quite as well as I can expect, under all its disadvantages. We have lately established another for country-born children,

part of the expenses of which will be paid by the parents."

"*Rangoon, Sept. 17th*, 1831.

"My dear, dear ———

"Wherever I rove, my heart's dwelling place is at home—that home where we so long dwelt together; and sometimes, when I reflect that I am probably to return to it no more, the thought is almost insupportable. At other times I chide myself for mourning a separation which is so momentary, wonder at my unbelief in the promises of God, and am enabled to rejoice in the hope of meeting most of my nearest and dearest kindred, in a world where our sweetest intercourse shall know no interruption. Surrounded as I am by strangers and heathens, without a female companion, and without a friend except my dear Mr. J., it would be strange indeed if eternal things were not invested with a reality before unfelt. Ah! I have seen enough of the world to know that all below is "vanity and vexation of spirit." I find human nature much alike among all races of men, under different garbs, and behold the inhabitants of every clime emphatically spending their money for that

which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not, from the votary of fashion and slave of gold in civilized lands, down to the poor heathen who spends his all in the erection of a pagoda or the purchase of an image.

"Since I have been in this place I have had some views of my own ignorance, helplessness and vileness, which have filled me with shame and confusion. I also feel some ardent desires daily, not so much that I may be extensively useful, as that I may be conformed in heart and life to the image of my Saviour; that I may be assisted to discharge, with fidelity and simplicity of mind, the duties which devolve upon me from day to day; and that I may be enabled to glorify God—that holy and glorious God whom I profess to serve, among all with whom I have intercourse. O my dear sister, are we sensible of the negligence and ingratitude with which we treat this Almighty friend? Could we thus treat a beloved earthly one? Is it not wonderful that those who have once had a precious season of communion with God should not strive to dwell constantly in his presence? How can a christian ever love the world after he has had opportunity to contrast its tasteless pleasures

with those joys which living near to God inspires ?"

Journal. "Oct. 8th.—An inquirer who has visited us frequently for the last month, seemed to-day to have his mind much agitated concerning its future destiny. He does not like the idea of separate spirits, and asked me whether God would not permit his soul to return to his body after death, if he should implore it very earnestly. I told him that his body would become corrupt immediately after death, and unfit for the residence of his spirit; that at the resurrection God would cause a more glorious body to arise from the dust of his old one ; and endeavored to illustrate my meaning by the simile of the transformation of a crawling worm, to a beautiful, soaring butterfly ; asking him why he should prefer returning to a body which must be confined to earth, and subject to sickness, death, and innumerable evils, rather than to take a new immortal body capable of soaring away through the celestial regions, and enjoying eternal happiness. Mr. J. also read to him the latter part of the 15th chap. of 1 Cor. ; but he seemed still to be unwilling to give up praying for permission to return to his old tabernacle.

"Oct. 16th.—The Hindoo festival is not yet over. Now if all this pageantry were any thing but a religious ceremony, one might smile with contempt on the childish folly of the poor Hindoos; but when we consider that this is the worship of their gods—a worship substituted for that adoration and love which they owe to the supreme Jehovah, the author of their being, and that it is all the religion they know, the heart experiences a pang of distress unknown by those who have never witnessed such sights. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" is a thought which has been revolving in my mind, and wringing my heart almost to agony.

"Oct. 18th.—Last night the brahminical festival terminated, and truly the closing uproar surpassed all that preceded it. It seemed as if the inhabitants of the infernal regions had broken loose, and forcibly reminded me of Bunyan's description of the army of Diabolus, the last time it attacked Mansoul.

"Oct. 21st.—Budhist worship day. In the evening the streets were illuminated by rows of small candles, or lamps, placed in front of every Burmese dwelling. Moung En says, "they are lighting their God, he is so dark."

Extract from a letter dated Oct. 23d, 1831.

O how sweet will the heavenly rest be, after dwelling in such a place as this! Yes, my beloved sister, it will indeed be sweet to meet there, after all the toils, the trials, and painful separations of life shall be over; and sweet, even now, is the reflection that in a few days these shall have passed away, and be to us but 'as a dream when one awaketh.' O that we might be made the instruments of blessing some of the wretched beings around us, with these glorious hopes! O that we might take some of them with us to those happy regions.

Journal, December 16th. The twenty-fourth chapter of Job was read at our morning worship, and I was very forcibly struck with its applicability to the people of this land. It is a graphic description of the present state and character of the Burmese.

January 29th, 1832. Mr. J. made his first attempt at preaching in the Burman language. As we expected to leave Rangoon in a few days, it was a farewell address. It was a very affecting scene to me, to see my little flock assembled around us, probably for the last time, until we shall meet at the judgment-seat of that Saviour

whom we have been endeavouring to make known to them.

February 1st. Our things were all sent on board the brig Sophia before dinner, and when the house was clear and the bustle over, the boys and girls all came into the room where I was, seated themselves on the mat in a semi-circle around me, and covering their faces with their hands, and bowing them to the ground, made their last sheks. It was too much. I burst into tears with them: they followed me down to the wharf, where I left them weeping; and getting into the boat, bade Rangoon adieu.

Maulmain, February 7th. We arrived at the mouth of the river, off Amherst, on the 4th, took a boat and were rowed up once more in the night. We took up our residence in a house which brother Kincaid has purchased. But a few months have elapsed since sister K. came to reside in it, little thinking that she should so soon be called to exchange it for the "narrow house appointed for all living."

Extracts from letters dated March 4th, 5th, and 21st, 1832.

"You see that we are again at Maulmain. We are much more pleasantly situated here, in many

respects, than we were at Rangoon. I dread the temptations to which I shall be exposed. The news that God is blessing, in such a wonderful manner, the churches of our native land, animates and cheers our hearts. Oh! what privileges do you enjoy! May Christians be enabled to improve them wisely, and begin to perceive that to be Christians is their highest honour; and that to sustain their character, as such, is the most important purpose for which they live.

"Alas! for poor Burmah! Her sons are enthralled by a triple despotism. Their rulers, their priests, and their own native pride of heart, all forbid them to listen to the humiliating doctrines of the cross, and cause them to shut their eyes on the few rays of light which are already dawning upon them. The redemption of a single soul is precious, and we rejoice that one here, and another there, is affected by the truth, and comes out from among his fellows, and professes the name of Jesus; but we long to see the multitudes who now throng the roads to the pagodas and idol temples, going up to the courts of our God. We long to see the time, the labour, and the wealth, which is now lavished with such profusion on an idolatrous service, turned into a

channel which could not fail to make the wilderness to rejoice, and the desert to blossom as the rose.

"Brother Judson is now visiting the Karens up the river. A chief came down in a boat to invite him. Brother Mason has recently made a very interesting tour among the Karens east of Tavoy, and baptized thirty-five. He found those families which had previously received the gospel, in a very pleasing state.

"———— I was very sorry to leave Rangoon, particularly on account of my little school, but I hope my labours, limited as they were, will not be altogether in vain; I am the more encouraged to hope this, from a circumstance connected with the Sunday school which I kept on my first coming into the country, for the boys of the forty-fifth regiment. One of these children came to see me the very first day of my arrival at the cantonment, and brought with him his mother, who told me that the conversation of her son, and the books I had lent her, had been the means of her conversion and that of her husband. The boy, she said, would often stop, when about to do something wrong, and say, 'I must not do that, Mrs. Jones says it is not right.' After he

had persuaded his mother to go to chapel, he never ceased importuning his father until he succeeded with him too. Subsequently they have both been baptized, and brother Kincaid says, are among the best members of the church. The boy has lately gone to live with an officer, and is now, I am told, importuning his master and mistress to go and hear the gospel preached, hitherto without success, however, though the lady has promised to go, and the gentleman acknowledges he cannot answer the child's arguments."

Extract from a letter dated Maulmain, May 4th, 1832.

"Much is said here about self-denial. The self-denial that I wish to practice is this. Whenever I feel a spirit of indolence stealing over me, to devote myself immediately to some profitable employment; when in the society of worldly people, to check the desire of pleasing them, and endeavour only to please God. When enjoying social converse with Christian brethren, to deny myself the mean gratification of talking about the faults of others, and to converse only on such subjects as will be likely to profit them and myself. When tempted to spend money for such things as are unnecessary, and which will

only serve the gratification of pride and vanity, to devote that money to the cause of Christianity among the heathen. When I feel an inclination to visit pleasant acquaintances or dear friends, to stop and consider whether there is not some duty which I ought rather to perform to the poor and miserable. When the daily vexations of life harass and disturb me, to check the risings of impatience in my heart, and forbear to utter an angry or fretful word; and whenever the hand of God is laid more heavily upon me, and my favourite schemes and best plans are interrupted by sickness or domestic affliction, to subdue all murmuring, discontented and distrustful thoughts, all sinful regrets of past blessings, and apprehensions of future sorrows, and surrender myself and all that I have, for the present and future, into the hand of God, without reserve or alarm. This is a species of self-denial, which I find exceedingly difficult to practice, and one which requires constant and unremitted diligence, as well as firm decision of mind."

Extract from a letter dated Maulmain, September 21st, 1832.

"You will doubtless learn, before this reaches you, that we are leaving this country for Siam.

I have not a doubt of its being my duty to go; and this I consider no small happiness. I hope God has some design in sending us there, which will promote his glory: and I sometimes have faith that I shall yet be permitted to do something for the poor heathen. The Siamese language is said to be the easiest of acquisition in India, and if my health permits, I shall hope to learn it faster than I have the Burman. But when I meet with the little native church here, and enjoy the luxury of hearing its members pray and converse, I am very loth to leave this favoured spot in the desert of idolatry. Last Sunday week I had the pleasure to see Mr. Jones baptize five European soldiers, and one country-born young man, and Mr. Judson two Talings and two Karens. Among the spectators were English, Scotch, Irish, American, Portuguese, Chinese, Peguese, Burmese, Karen, and Madras people. When shall all these become one fold and have one shepherd?

"I have taken a last walk to the principal pagoda of this place. Dozens of images have been added since my last visit. My heart sickened at the sight, and I turned to look on the beautiful works of that God whose glory these

infatuated people are giving to another. The hill on which the pagoda stands is a lovely spot, commanding a view of the river winding among the opposite hills, the town on its bank, and the cantonment just beneath. The sentiment of the apostle in the first chapter to the Romans, came irresistibly to my thoughts; "The invisible things of Him are clearly seen," &c., "so that they are without excuse," &c., and the idea was too painful to dwell upon.

"Sept. 24th.—We are now on our way down the river, and expect to be once more at sea to-morrow. Yesterday we took leave of our kind friends and missionary associates at Maulmain. Amid such continual wanderings, it is cheering to reflect that there remaineth a rest for the people of God. It will be sweet to the weary traveller.

Journal. "Sept. 28th.—To day, while I was lying in my cabin, listlessly looking over some newspapers, the following lines met my eye:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;"

and so powerfully arrested my attention as to induce me to lay down the paper and meditate upon them. Where is the cross which I have

taken? If I except the painful separation from my friends, it would be difficult to find it. To follow Jesus! In comparison with his, mine is a life of luxury and ease. Measured by his, my labors for the welfare of my fellow men are not worth the name. But I will not attempt to describe my feelings. For a time they were almost overwhelming, and my desires and prayers to follow Christ, not only in name, but in the laborious, self-denying, humble reality, were most fervent.

Journal. "Oct. 13th.—On awaking this morning, we found ourselves safely moored in Penang harbour, on the east side of Prince of Wales island. I received a note from Mrs. Gotleib, wife of a very gentlemanly sea captain whom we had seen at Maulmain, inviting us to take up our residence at her house, during our stay at Penang. We accepted the polite invitation and were scarcely seated in her spacious mansion, when Mr. Dyer, one of the London Society's missionaries came to see us. He and his colleague, Mr. Beighton, with their families, were invited to drink tea with us this evening; and very pleasant it was, to find ourselves in such a circle of christian friends; for fellow-

missionaries are not long strangers in a land like this.

"Oct. 26th.—This evening I have had the privilege of meeting with our dear christian sisters for prayer, principally on our account, as we expect to sail in the course of a day or two. It was a pleasant hour.

"Oct. 30th.—Last evening we left our hospitable friends, and embarked in the Hamet Shaw, bound to Malacca and Singapore. Brother and sister Dyer, and Captain Gotleib came on board with us, and after singing the beautiful hymn, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," &c., and uniting in prayer, we bade each other farewell. Penang is more like England and America than any other place I have seen in India. It is true that its perpetual summer leaves no place for fireside comforts, and there is much to remind us that we are not in our own cultivated, enlightened land, but there are no continual rains as in Burmah, and no sultry, breathless days as in Calcutta.

"Nov. 3d.—Anchored this evening in Malacca roads, and Mr. J. has gone on shore to deliver his letters and reconnoitre.

"Nov. 4th. Sunday.—Mr. J. came last eve-

ning, and this morning took me on shore to the Anglo-Chinese College, where we were cordially welcomed by Mr. Tomlin, and by Mr. Hughes, missionary to the Malays. We attended divine service at the old Dutch church, where Mr. H. officiates as chaplain pro tempore. He read the service of the Church of England, and Mr. J. preached. In the evening we went to the mission chapel, where Mr. J. preached again in place of Mr. Tomlin.

"Nov. 6th.—Visited the Chinese female schools, five in number, containing about sixty girls, who are learning to read Chinese, translating it into Malaya, the language generally used by them. Miss Wallace, a young lady from England, superintends these and the Portuguese female schools. Probably no missionary station in the world offers a more inviting field for native schools than Malacca. They might be multiplied to an extent limited only by the population, if means and suitable teachers could be procured. There are more than three hundred Chinese boys in day schools at the college, under the charge of Mr. Tomlin.

"Nov. 9th.—This evening we came back to our ship, and sailed immediately for Singapore.

"Nov. 11th.—After passing numerous groups of small islands, covered with verdure, anchored at Singapore.

Extract from a letter dated Singapore, December 3d, 1832.

"You will probably have heard, before this reaches you, of our departure from Burmah, and arrival at this place. Here, we are residing with Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, of the London Society, and have little prospect of obtaining a passage for Bangkok for several months. I am happy to say however that we have obtained a Siamese teacher, and are learning a little of that language every day. Mr. J. has an opportunity of preaching the glorious gospel, not indeed to the heathen, but to those for whom it will be less tolerable in the day of judgment, if they repent not: to those who, after having been educated in the knowledge of God and his word, have either cast off all restraint, and live in open impiety, or are so wholly engrossed with the affairs of this life, as almost to forget that they have souls to be saved.

While we wish to be contented with the station allotted us by providence, and gratefully to receive all the temporal comforts and social

privileges bestowed on us here, we yet long to be again more immediately engaged among the heathen, and shall hail with gladness the first intelligence of an opportunity to proceed to Siam, though it is represented to us as a most undesirable station on every account except the most important one—that of doing good."

Extracts from letters dated Singapore, Feb. 25th and 27th, 1833.

"When I look on the multitudes of poor creatures of various nations around me, and see them hastening onward to eternity with a lie in their right hand, I am astonished at my own apathy, and wonder that I can do any thing but weep and pray for their conversion to christianity. My thoughts often recur, with much affection, to the little prayer-meeting where we were accustomed to meet so frequently, to mingle our intercessions for these poor benighted ones, and to implore blessings on our own souls. What a gratification would it be to me to take my seat among you once more! On earth this privilege may never be allowed me; but, through atoning mercy, I do anticipate a joyful interview in those glorious mansions where prayer shall be exchanged for praise. There should it be my hap-

py lot to introduce to you a little company redeemed from heathenism, through the instrumentality of your united, persevering prayers, how shall we adore the grace that permitted us to be associated on earth for such a delightful purpose. Let us then, my dear sister, fix our gaze, more and more intently on this delightful prospect, as we hasten nearer and nearer to it, and forget, in its increasing brightness, the petty cares, toils, trials and enjoyments of earth. Whether our few remaining days be spent on christian, or on heathen soil, matters little, if they be devoted entirely to Him who died to purchase for us such an 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"We are at length apparently on the eve of departure for Bangkok; and although it is an opportunity which we have long desired, we go, after all, with some fear and trembling. Not that we have any anxiety respecting the ultimate success of our cause, for we know that God has decreed that all nations shall come and worship before him, and we believe that proud Siam will sooner or later be made to bow to the sceptre of Emmanuel. Not that we fear trials, privations and possible persecutions, for we are assured that,

in this world, the children of God "shall have tribulation" wherever they may be located. But we shrink from the fearful responsibility which rests upon us as pioneers in such an important expedition. In view of it, I lose all confidence in myself or in the wisdom of men, and if it were not a cause which we believe God himself has promised to sustain, neither of us could, I am sure, proceed a step farther. I have been reading the gospel with the special design of studying the character of Christ as a missionary; and am more than ever convinced that a close imitation of his example is not only the course prescribed to his followers, but also the most politic and promising one which could be devised. His principal work seems to have been that of preaching the gospel to the poor; administering at the same time, to their temporal necessities, and, with admirable patience, bearing with their infirmities, listening to their complaints, and answering, with the utmost kindness, their numerous requests. I do not find that he ever sought the patronage or favor of the noble and the rich; neither can I discover that he once slighted their invitation, or refused to join in their feasts. To rich and

poor, high and low, the righteous and the sinner, he appears to have been always doing good, as he had opportunity; never compromising his dignity among any class, or descending beneath the level of his proper station; and never suffering those around him to forget, for a moment, his great business of turning them to righteousness, and saving their souls. In all these things I conceive his followers are bound to imitate him; but who can equal his untiring zeal, his inexhaustible patience, his deep humility, his continual prayerfulness? Who can walk in the midst of an evil and perverse generation, with their hearts in heaven, as his was? Who can feel the love for precious souls, that he did? After all our strivings, how far short do we come? Yet these strivings after perfect conformity to his likeness, I believe to be the most important means to be used by a missionary, in order to ensure success and the approbation of his Master."

Journal. "After a pleasant sojourn at Singapore, of more than three months, we left that place on the last day of February, in the schooner Reliance, accompanied by R. Hunter, Esq. On our way we anchored at three ports

on the coast of the Malayan peninsula. I went on shore at only one of them, the town of Tringano. On the 12th of March, Mr. Hunter, who is acquainted with the Rajah of the place and surrounding territory, went ashore, accompanied by the captain, to trade. Having occasion to send some of the Malays on board, they carried back to the Rajah a report, of having seen a lady and "little white child with a white head;" in consequence of which, his highness requested Mr. H. to exhibit us on shore the next day. We could do no less than accept such an invitation; and accordingly paid him a visit. He is an independent chief; but is obliged to pay an annual tribute of a golden tree, to the despot of Siam, in order to prevent his hereditary dominions from being wrested from him, and his people are now employed in beating out the leaves for it.

As this was probably the first time Tringano was ever visited by a European female, we were objects of great curiosity. The boys waded out from the shore, as far as they could, to peep into the boat; and on our way to the palace, we found the people ranged on each side of the road, and the windows filled with

heads to gaze at us. I thought of an election day at Hartford. We went first to a government building, termed, by Mr. Medhurst, the custom-house, where we found the Rajah seated in his arm-chair. He is a mild looking man, and received us courteously. Cocoa-nut water was given us here, and a bottle of milk brought for the little white girl. After sitting some time with him, his royal highness signified his pleasure that we should go to the palace to be introduced to his wives and children. Mr. J. was not allowed to enter the women's apartment, but went, with the other gentlemen, to an adjoining one, to partake of an excellent repast cooked in the English way; while Rebecca and myself were ushered into the presence of the royal ladies and their attendants, amounting to more than a hundred; some seated on the floor, so as to fill one half a large hall, on the other side of which an arm-chair was placed for me. Others were crowding round the door, and others peeping through the crevices in the board walls. Our dress was an object of great curiosity. Every part of it underwent an examination. I had learned so little of the Malayan language, that I found it difficult to converse

with the ladies. My little girl's ayah, however, made a pretty good interpreter. Coffee of superior flavour was served up in beautiful China cups on massive golden trays, and sponge cake, fried plantains, dates, and a variety of sweetmeats, in cut glass dishes. Fruits, and lastly, betel in boxes of wrought gold, were also set before us.

From the Rajah's palace we went to that of his brother, where a similar scene presented itself, and three silk dresses were given to me and R. The sun was too hot to allow me to walk out to see the town at all, and we returned to the Reliance, much fatigued, yet gratified with our day's adventure, and with a much more favourable opinion of the inhabitants of this coast, than we had entertained before we visited them.

Extract from a letter dated Bangkok, Siam, March 28th, 1833.

My beloved ———,

It is with feelings of intense interest, if not of ardent gratitude to our Heavenly Father, that I now seat myself in a comfortable cottage on the banks of the Meinam, to inform you of our safe arrival in the country to which we have been so long looking, as the field of our future

labours, and to reach which, we have for six months been travelling about in these eastern seas. But how shall I express, in adequate terms, the loving-kindness of our God to us all, during this period? We have been preserved from all dangers and accidents, during three voyages along a dangerous coast, and have found warm-hearted friends at every stage of our journey.

R. Hunter, Esq., is almost the only European merchant who trades here, and having resided here most of his time for several years, is thoroughly acquainted with the inhabitants, their language, manners, customs, &c., and has kindly granted us much assistance. We found the U. S. Sloop of war Peacock here, with Mr. Roberts, diplomatic agent of our government. This gentleman has shown us not only the politeness we might have expected from a fellow countryman, but manifests all the kind solicitude in our welfare which an affectionate relative could bestow. Hearing of our arrival at the mouth of the river, he immediately sent a letter to Mr. J. with an invitation to us to take up our residence with him during the few days he expected to remain. We accepted it for a

day or two, and received from himself and the gentlemen who were with him, the utmost hospitality, and when we removed to our present habitation he supplied us with rice, fowls, and other articles to commence house-keeping with, besides some valuable presents. Our house is just built by the Portuguese Consul, Senhor Carlos Da Silveira, who seems solicitous to make us comfortable in every respect, and with one or two other Portuguese gentlemen, has offered us his friendship, and any assistance which a long residence here may enable them to confer. We know not yet what our prospects for usefulness may be in Siam. All our confidence is, however, in Him who has promised that all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our dear Redeemer.

The Chinaman whom Mr. Gutzlaff baptized, came on Sunday to worship, and read the scriptures, and prayed with four of his countrymen in our verandah. They have been accustomed to meet for this purpose every Sunday since brother Abeel left. A missionary for the Chinese is much needed here. One is expected soon from the Netherlands Missionary Society, to succeed brother Gutzlaff.

Mr. Roberts has concluded a commercial treaty with his Siamese Majesty, which will be returned here after its ratification by our President.

Journal. "April 8th.—Re-commenced the study of the Siamese language to-day with Clin, a native, who was once at Singapore, employed there at the mission press for a short time. After his return he cast a fount of tolerable type, and commenced printing, for which proof of his ingenuity he received the honorary title of 'the king's little dog.' Every thing connected, in the remotest degree, with his Majesty, is honorable.

"April 14.—We are frequently visited by Burmans, to whom Mr. J. has had several opportunities of reading and giving tracts, conversing with them upon their contents, and the principles of the gospel. The Prah Klang's second son, and a few other Siamese, visit us occasionally. I shall close with a copy of a letter received to day by Mr. J., from the chief priest of the Prah Klang's temple.

"My dear,—

"I hear you come to Siame and healing sick men and teach men. I am glad to you. I wish

to find you when you have peace, I will go to your house. Yo,

"PRAH AMRAMOLEE."

Extract from a letter dated Bangkok, June 5th, 1833.

My dear ———,

It has once more become my painful duty to leave a land which I regarded as my home, and, (with the exception of my husband and child,) all whom I had previously known and loved, to resume my wanderings o'er the mighty deep, and finally to enter another heathen country, and commence anew my Missionary work, among a people of strange language, habits and manners. In this extensive city are congregated people, speaking as great a variety of languages, perhaps, as those which wrought confusion at the tower of Babel.

We hope not to be long without associates; some of our christian brethren at home, will, we are confident, soon come over and help us. Could they behold the degraded, miserable condition of our fellow-citizens of all classes, realizing at the same time what blessings God has promised, when all nations shall come and worship before him, I am sure they would hasten to

proclaim the glad tidings of Jesus' love to these ignorant idolaters. We talk of our own sacrifices, privations and trials, and certainly they are neither few nor light to us who have known the blessings of civilized life; yet our situation, even in regard to temporal comfort, is far preferable to that of the poor creatures around us; and when we think of our hopes for eternity, the presence of God with us on earth, and all the varied enjoyments conferred upon us by christianity, we feel that the distance between us and them is immeasurable, and are led to entreat earnestly for them the like precious faith. Nothing but the light of revelation will ever scatter the moral and mental darkness which broods over this people. When that day dawns upon them, they will rise to civilization and happiness.

Extract from a letter dated Sept. 8th, 1833.

We feel that we are exiles from our native land, our beloved friends, the religious privileges we once enjoyed, and even from civilized life. Especially on the return of this day, on which we have been accustomed weekly to worship God in the assembly of his saints, do we realize our painful separation from all who know and

love our Saviour. When we look around on those among whom we dwell, and feel what it is to live in the midst of "a people of unclean lips," we are ready to cry with Israel's psalmist, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." I am now reading the Psalms in course, and find them sweeter and more appropriate than ever before. I was not sensible of the frequency and fervour of David's complaints of wicked men, and the misery of living with them. What a holy indignation does he manifest against sin, and how pathetically does he lament his lot in witnessing it! And if David, though a sinner himself, was distressed by the conversation of the wicked; if even my heart, polluted as it is, can be pained by witnessing the moral depravity of my neighbours and fellow citizens, and feel it to be a calamity to dwell among them, what must our holy and blessed Saviour have endured while sojourning with publicans and sinners, an exile from all the glories of heaven? It is a transporting thought, that our object, in being residents among the heathen, is to lend our little aid in carrying on the noble work which he began on earth; and if, through our instrumentality,

the knowledge of that salvation which he died to purchase for the degraded beings around us, may be communicated to one soul, and be blessed to his conversion, we shall count it all joy to live and die among them. How cheering is the thought, that the time is coming when all the superstition, deceit, oppression, cruelty and misery of this unhappy land, shall be melted away before the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness. The promise is sure—may the Lord hasten its accomplishment.

Journal. "Oct. 17th.—I told a Burman woman I would go to her house to day, if she would meet me at the village wharf, which she promised to do. I went according to appointment, and not finding my guide, entered a zayat near the river, where I saw some boys at play; and sitting down on a stool which I had brought with me, asked them if they could read. They pointed to one in the priest's dress as the only scholar, and, on his manifesting some reluctance to obey my call, seized him by both arms and dragged him to me, to read the tracts which I held in my hand. I soon learned from them that no efforts were made to teach any of the rest, and that they were left to spend their days

in play and idleness. On asking them if they wished to learn to read, a large boy answered in the affirmative. I then asked how many wished to learn. One more expressed a desire to do so, and then another and another. What! only four, I replied; if ten or twelve wish to learn, I will come here and teach you, but I will not come for four. The zayat now began to fill with men, women and children, drawn by curiosity to see the white stranger. One of the women said, "it is a woman." "No," said a man who came with her, "it is a man;" and immediately seated himself by me with much familiarity. Another said, "it is the doctor." No, I replied, I am the doctor's wife. This answer seemed to give great satisfaction to the women, who were no longer afraid to enter the zayat. They then asked if I could read, and begged to hear me. I told them I would, but they must all sit down quietly and listen. An old woman undertook to keep order while I read to them a short account of the true God and Jesus Christ, with some moral precepts from two of the tracts which I had with me. Some of them listened attentively, and asked many questions about the eternal God. One asked if

he was Gaudama or Cathapa, (a budh who is said to have preceded Gaudama.) I answered, no, he is a God of whom the Burmans have never heard, but who made them, and all things. After reading and talking to them a little, I directed all the children who wished to learn to read to stand in a row. A few of them obeyed, and I then turned to some others who stood near me, and asked if they did not wish to learn. "They are girls," replied several of the women. I told them that was no reason why they should not learn; that I taught boys and girls both at Rangoon, but all in vain; nothing which I could say was sufficient to make them comprehend such a strange thing as a girl learning to read. The number of boys on my list having increased to ten, I bade them come to the zayat to-morrow, and I would teach them; and then returned to my boat, thinking what a different errand I had accomplished to what I intended.

"Oct. 18th.—Went again to the zayat, and found but two of my ten boys; a poor prospect for a school. An old woman urged me so hard to go to her house, that I consented, and, by her direction, was rowed and dragged by my boatmen through bushes and among trees and

houses all standing in the water, till we reached a miserable hut, in which I found an old man whom she said was her husband. He could not see to read my books, but listened attentively while I read, and asked many questions. The neighbours soon came in, and filled the little room, and I told them, as well as I could, the good news we had come to bring them.

"Oct. 19th.—Met with a young priest at the Burman village to day, who was troublesome and disposed to mock. He soon went away, however, and his place was filled by an old priestess who listened very attentively to what I said. Some more women and an old man were attentive also, and wished me to stay longer; so I told them I would go again on Monday and take more books.

"Oct. 21st.—Went again to the zayat, according to promise. The old priestess soon made her appearance, and before many had assembled, asked me to go to her house which was near. Many followed me in, mostly women, and I read a good deal to the most attentive circle I have met with among them. I asked one man, where Gaudama's disciples would go after death. He replied that some, especially those who

committed murder, would go to hell, and the rest would "take nigban." No, said I, that is not true, for your own sacred books say that no person can obtain nigban unless he gives away in religious offerings, all his goods, his children, his wife, and even his own life. An intelligent looking woman answered, "yes, that is true; Wathandria (the name of Gaudama in his last state before taking nigban,) made all those offerings, and nobody can take nigban without doing so." They wondered much to hear of Jesus, and began to say to one another that he must be Areemedayah, (the budh who is yet to come.)

Bangkok, Oct'r. 27th, 1833.

My dear ———,

At the close of ———'s letter, I was obliged to communicate the mournful intelligence, that death had entered our little family, and taken from us our only son, our dear little Henry Grew. For more than three months our affections had been entwining themselves about him, and it was painful to give him up; yet when I am disposed to murmur, and to ask "why has God thus dealt with me?" every unsubmissive thought is silenced by a reflection on the perfect wisdom and goodness of God, and my own desert of

punishment, and need of the refiner's fire. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" The blessings we have received have indeed been great; and I dare not call the removal of my darling boy from a world replete with sin and sorrow, and especially from a part of it in which he would have been assailed by temptation in every form, an evil. To him, I trust, it is a great mercy; and my dear father will not forget to pray that it may be made the means of making me more fit for heaven. Since his decease I have been able to visit the Burman village almost daily. As the rainy season is not yet over, it is overflowed with water, so that I cannot go about much among the houses; but there is a good wooden zayat near a small wharf which affords a cool shelter for me. Here I sit for an hour or two, and soon find myself surrounded by scores of people, eager to look at me, and to hear a *woman* read. As the men are usually gone to their daily employments before I arrive, my congregation consists mostly of women and children. Sometimes, however, I meet with men, who take my books, and read to the people for me, occasionally stopping to ask questions concerning the new doctrines. Some of

them appear really interested in the story of Jesus, and seem disposed to believe in and worship the eternal God of whom I tell them. May God bless his own word to the salvation of their precious souls. I find it the most delightful employment in which I have ever been engaged. Yet I am sensible that I am totally unworthy to be employed, even as an instrument, in communicating the knowledge of God and our blessed Saviour to those who have never before received it, and often fear that a blessing will be withheld from my efforts, through the pride and selfishness which are mingled with them.

I am keeping a journal of the incidents I meet with in these visits, for my sisters, who, I think, will be interested in them. Mr. J. is very busily engaged in the study of the Siamese language, which he can now speak and understand sufficiently for common purposes; but it is quite a different thing to be able to converse intelligibly on religious subjects; this requires much previous study, and a pretty extensive acquaintance with Siamese books. He is searching for a teacher in the Peguan language, thinking he can pursue both advantageously, as the mind requires some change in its employments, and most of

the Peguans speak Siamese, although unable to read it.

Journal. Nov. 6.—Witnessed the burning of the dead body of a Burman priest, for the first time. It took place in front of a temple, which is situated in the midst of a beautiful grove. No adequate description of the scene can possibly be conveyed to one who has never witnessed the heterogeneous rites of heathenism. The body, which had been kept nearly a week, and which, notwithstanding the previous process of embalming, was very offensive, was enclosed in a kind of sarcophagus made of wood, covered with white paper, and fantastically ornamented with natural and artificial flowers, together with gilt and colored paper, and placed on a platform of bamboos. A large quantity of white cotton cloth, a gift to the surviving priests of the temple, was hung round it; and soon after my arrival a train of girls carried to the spot, a great variety of offerings, designed to gratify the appetites of the same lazy fraternity. Mats were spread about on the grass, and some women whom I knew led me to one of them, where I had not sat long before the music began, and a small space near being cleared for the purpose, a man and two

women entered it and began to throw their limbs into all manner of contortions. The man, who in face and figure, seemed intended by nature for a buffoon, was dressed in a long straight gown of dirty brown satin, brocaded with very large blue and white flowers, and was certainly as good a representation of a visiter from the lower world as I ever expect to see in this. A similar scene in which he was the principal actor, was afterwards exhibited in another place with the addition of a dialogue intended as a comedy. *You* would have turned from him, as many others did, to the spot where two white strangers were seated, one surrounded by a circle of men, the other of women, listening to the novel tidings, that there exists a God who made them, and a Saviour who has died to bring "life and immortality to light," for sinful dying men.

As soon as all the priests, to the number of seventy or eighty had arrived, the corpse was taken down, thrown out of its coffin on the ground, and had water poured over it by some inferior priests, to wash off the spices, etc., with which it had been covered. It was then replaced, after a quantity of wood had been put underneath the scaffolding; and about a dozen

cords, attached to the coffin, were carried to trees at a considerable distance, in two different directions. At the extremity of these cords a large rocket was placed underneath, or within various figures; for instance, a pasteboard tiger, a small pagoda, wax images, etc. These being sent off in succession, whizzed along the cords with tremendous fury; some driving through the coffin, and others exploding with such violence upon the funeral pile as to send the sticks of wood flying in all directions. When they were all finished, the mutilated body was left to be consumed by the fire which had been kindled under it.

Nov. 12. You do not know what genuine idleness is in America. With the exception of the Chinese, who transact nearly all the business of this great city, there is not one in a hundred, man or woman, who will lift a finger to do any thing more than is barely sufficient to keep them from starving. They will sell their wives and children sooner than work. The Laos people who reside here are beggars by profession, and they are not alone in their vocation. We often try a stout healthy man or woman, by proposing to them some little job of work, but never succeeded in

a single instance. Three or four Malays came one day, to whom I promised the rice they begged, if they would row my boat to the Burman campong. To my astonishment they consented, but, while I was putting on my bonnet, they disappeared.

A man's rank in Siam, is made known to the public by the number of his servants. They buy slaves, whom they half starve, or feed on black rice or dried fish; and as they have nothing for a great part of them to do, except to row their boat on great occasions, they permit them to go about the city begging. The abominable custom of selling children prevails so extensively that we cannot get boys to row our boat, or for a boarding school except we buy them, which we cannot think it right to do, even for their own benefit. A woman considers a family of daughters quite a fortune; for the men are obliged to buy their wives, and if one is too poor to pay the price demanded, two or three purchase and possess one jointly! Great men, on the contrary, have many wives. The king has four hundred. The Prah Klang, forty. Such is the present state of social life in Bangkok, and the subject might be

enlarged upon without coming under the head of travellers stories.

Dec. 8. Eighteen hundred years have rolled away since our blessed Saviour said to his disciples, "Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" yet, not until this day have the waters of the noble Meinam, which, during that period, has wafted millions of precious souls on its bosom, and on whose banks successive generations have lived and died, been divided in obedience to this command. Our Chinese brother Bun-Ty, whom we have often mentioned to you as the person instructed in religion, by brethren Gutzlaff and Abeel, and affused by the former, led the way and was followed by two of his countrymen, whose souls he hopes God has given him as the reward of his labors, and whom we pray, may be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. Had nothing more been accomplished by brother G's. three years residence here, than the conversion of this single man, who can say that he came in vain? And who can estimate the result of his labors? In regard to B. T's. change of sentiment respecting

the mode, Mr. J., had read to him brother Gutzlaff's own translation of the word baptism, into Siamese, which can mean nothing but immersion; and he thought proper to set the example. Mr. Jones administered the ordinance, using the Siamese language.

December 15th. Had the pleasure of receiving to the Lord's supper, the three China-men who were baptized last Sunday. Bun-Ty first read the scriptures in Chinese, after which Mr. J. administered the sacrament in Siamese, giving thanks in English. B. T. seemed much affected, and our two brethren were very attentive, and solicitous to learn from him, all that Mr. J. said. Unto Him who is able to keep them from falling, we commend them, as they grope their dangerous and solitary way, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; hoping that some obedient and more privileged disciple of their and our Master, will soon be here to hold a torch to their benighted feet.

December 20th. You will rejoice with me when I tell you that I have at last finished the Siamese dictionary, the arrangement and copying of which, has been my chief business in that language, for nearly a year past. It contains

many thousand words, and though it is imperfect, and will require much correction hereafter, I hope it may be useful.

December 25th. I lay on my couch, thinking of the great event which this anniversary brings to mind, and again resolving the painful question, why is it, since Jesus died to save sinners, that so few have ever heard his name? I cannot impeach the blessed Saviour, while his written word contains the oft-repeated injunction to his disciples, to tell the world his love. Where then does the blame lie? Let christians, living amid all the luxury of religious and civil privileges, answer.

"This morning a total eclipse of the moon was visible here, and we were awaked about two o'clock, by the beating of drums and tom-toms, firing of guns and crackers, ringing of bells, jingling of brass bowls, and various other equally musical noises, which our neighbors were making, to drive off the evil spirit. He proved very obstinate, however, and kept his hold of the luminary so long as to tire them all out. Before her beams began to re-appear, they left her to her fate, and all was quiet again.

December 31. The year is gone! Of the

joys and sorrows which it has brought to my beloved sisters and friends in my native land, I know nothing. Equally ignorant am I of the events which, during its progress, have been transpiring in the civilized world. And when I turn to myself, and inquire what I have done, I feel that "it is an humble thing to be a man." How little would the mightiest energies of man effect on the hearts of the heathen! What, then, can *I* do? I have left my native land, and separated myself from dear friends, over whose memory my heart yearns sometimes almost to bursting; and what have I done for these poor creatures among whom I live? How very little does God permit me to do for his cause! Yet when these thoughts distress me, I endeavor to check them, for I seem to hear Jesus saying to me, in the words of Foster, "Because mightier laborers would have been requisite to effect all that you wish, will you therefore murmur that I have honored you, the inferior, with the appointment of making a noble exertion? Be grateful that *all* the work is not to be done without you, and that a God employs you in that in which he also is employed. Go to your labors; every sincere effort will infallibly be one step more in

your own progress to a perfect state: and as to the cause, when I see it necessary for a God to interpose in His own manner, I will come." I wish I could as plainly hear Him saying, "She hath done what she could." Pray, my dear sisters, that the blood of Christ may wash away the spiritual sloth and insensibility of your affectionate sister, ELIZA.

Bangkok, March 2d, 1834.

My Dear,

The little girl, on whose birth you kindly congratulated me, is, through the tender mercy of our heavenly Father, "still spared to be the solace of our hearts in this far land," where I have now passed a year without seeing the face of any other white female; but a dear little son who shared our affection and care nearly three months and a half, has been taken from us, and, as we hope, joined your lost darling, in a world where sin, temptation and sorrow shall never assail him.

The unusual excitement which you mention as existing in your vicinity in regard to some doctrines, which I agree with you in calling non-essential, is, I think, to be lamented. Could I embody my thoughts on this subject in lan-

guage adequate to express them, and make my voice heard through the privileged christian community of my beloved native land, I would gladly answer your question: "How does this sound in a heathen country?" O that those followers of Jesus who can find no subjects more important to the cause of their blessed Master than these, on which to employ their thoughts, talents, conversation and pens, in their own favored land, would immediately leave it, and come over and help *us*. We will set them down in the very midst of thousands of precious souls for whom Christ has died, and point them to scenes of vice and misery, which it will make their hearts sicken to behold, and which nothing but that gospel which He, who saved us by his blood, has commanded to be preached to every creature, can relieve. Here, I venture to predict, they would, with mutual consent, leave their unimportant differences till their entrance on that state, where we shall know, even as we are known, and unite their efforts in the mighty work before them.

A little assembly of twelve or fifteen Chinamen meet at our house every Sunday for worship, in their own language, which we do

not understand, and have no time to learn. Most of them are gradually leaving off their idolatrous and immoral habits. One of them made a profession of christianity, under the instruction of our predecessor, brother Gutzlaff, and two others have been baptized by Mr. J. These three, with one or two more, we hope are truly pious, and our hearts long to see some christian missionary in their little congregation, who shall be able to teach them the word of God more perfectly. The one who was the first convert, reads the scriptures to the rest, and explains them as well as he can, often coming to Mr. J. with questions concerning them, which he answers in Siamese, as well as their mutually imperfect knowledge of that language will enable him to do. They have the bible and many excellent tracts in their own language, and pray and sing together, when they assemble on Sundays. We have distributed a great number of tracts here, in the Chinese, Siamese, Burmese, Malay and Portuguese languages; and hope, by the next arrival from Burmah, to have some for the Peguans, who are daily asking for them. We are sometimes ready to wish for the primitive gift of tongues, that we might show this

mingled people the way of salvation, and persuade them to turn from their vanities, to serve the living God. Yet when we contemplate their character, propensities, and habits, we feel that though we had the tongues of men and of angels we could hope to prevail *nothing*. We have no hope for them but in that Spirit which can infuse life into the dead. For the descent of that Spirit upon us, O let christians pray.

Journal. May 7th.—A little rain makes the miserable foot-paths in this country so impassable, that I can no longer go by land to the Burman village, and am entirely dependent on our boat, which method of going about I dislike for many reasons, one of which, is the awkward method of getting on shore, which is generally by a kind of ladder, the steps of which are from two to three feet apart. One day when I was going to the village, I was obliged to cross another boat to reach my own, which was a mere canoe. Not being fastened, as I supposed, as soon as I set my foot upon it, it floated off, and left me plunged in the river between the two. As the other boat was too high for me to reach its edge, I should probably have been drowned, if one of our Chinese servants had not been on the

spot to catch my arm as I rose to the surface. I feared he would be obliged to let me go again, for he could not draw me up the side of the boat alone, and though there were fifteen or twenty of his countrymen within call, not one of them would leave his work to go to his assistance; and Rebecca's ayah was obliged to set her down on the boat, at the risk of her falling overboard, to help him pull me in. Every one here, of full age, is supposed capable of taking care of himself, in every emergency, in the water or out; and if he is not, he may perish before he will get any assistance. As we were coming up in the river one day, we saw a sail-boat upset in the middle of the stream, and a man clinging to it, and Mr. Jones was obliged to reiterate his commands in a very decisive manner, before he could make our boatmen row towards him. They kept saying, "he is a man,"—and by the time we reached him, he had turned back his boat, sail and all, and was in no need of assistance. I have seen a man, before our door, beset by three or four dogs, within sight of at least a dozen people, not one of whom went near him until he was thrown down and sadly bitten.

May 9th.—In one of the last periodicals

which we received from America, it is stated that liars in Siam have their mouths sewed up. If it had been affirmed that those who *speak truth* are subject to such a penalty, we should have found it difficult to disprove the charge; for it would probably take some time to find such a person, to ascertain whether his mouth was sewed up or not. English traders who come here say "truth would choke a Siamese." Mr. Hunter, who has long known all classes here, says he never found but one honest man in the empire; and *that very man* we have proved to be an unblushing utterer of falsehoods.

"May 21st.—This evening have been favoured with a spirit of prayer, and felt my affections drawn out in supplication for all the world, especially that the triumph of Christ may be perfected in the earth. His wondrous love in giving his life a ransom for sinners, filled my thoughts, and inspired some ardent desires for his name to be glorified, and his cause extended.

May 30th.—We have been vainly expecting to see some fellow laborers here, for four or five months. I felt this to be a trial, while I enjoyed the society of my dear husband and

child; now they are separated from me, and several days have passed since the one fixed for their return, without my hearing any thing from them. In my desolateness, however, I am possessed of one blessing with which I would not part for the highest earthly enjoyment—the privilege of casting all my care on God, with the firm assurance that he will deal with me, and those I love, in the wisest possible manner. Some of my lonely hours have been passed happily in reflecting on the love of Jesus, the glorious mansions he has prepared for all his children in his own blissful presence, and the rich promises he has left us in his word—"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace. There is no man who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive," &c. Is it indeed for Christ's sake, and the gospel's, that I am placed in my present situation? is a question which I frequently ask myself. Sometimes I venture to believe it is, and the thought of being, in the smallest measure, partaker in His sufferings, is transporting."

Bangkok, June 8th, 1834.

My dear Father:

The first petition which I ever breathed to heaven for my beloved first-born, that she might be permitted to praise the God who gave her to me, before his eternal throne, is now, I trust, answered. In closing my last to you a few weeks since, I mentioned her illness, and that of her father; and that both were then on the point of leaving me, to try the air at the mouth of the river. He returned perfectly restored; but she, though apparently invigorated while outside the bar, immediately relapsed on coming again into the vicinity of Bangkok, where the atmosphere is very deleterious at this season of the year, and sunk rapidly. I spent the twelve days of their absence in loneliness and anxiety, yet not without much enjoyment of the presence of God. I was led to reflect on my past neglect of prayer and meditation on divine things; on the culpable indulgence I had given to unprofitable, earthly, selfish thoughts, and on my insensibility to those great blessings which God has promised those who live near to him; and I felt that he had not only a right, but would act the part of a judicious parent toward me, if he

should take from me my child. I tried to say, "Father, if this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, thy will be done;" but the very thought was agony. Yet whenever I tried to pray for her life, and to promise a closer walk with God, if my petition might be granted, my too conscious heart told me it would not be so. It was necessary that she should be taken from me, as the only means of bringing me back to God. And so firmly was the impression riveted on my mind, that, combined with my experience of the inefficacy of all the means I could use to overcome her complaint, it caused me to receive her with anguish when she was restored to me from the ship.

I was enabled to throw myself into the arms of Jesus, and to enjoy the happiness of entire submission to the will of God. I felt that *He* could not do wrong, and had such a sense of all His goodness to me, especially in giving me the hope of salvation by Jesus Christ, that I rejoiced to give up my dearest comforts to him, and only praise and adore the mercy which had not left me in the wretched condition of the heathen around me. Life seemed but a moment, eternity a blessed reality—Heaven with all its glories

was opened to the view of faith, and I exulted in the glorious anticipation of soon enjoying, with my dear child, its transporting visions; of seeing face to face that dear Saviour who died for us, and of bowing with her, and her departed brother, in humble adoration at his feet. Since that time, I have not had one wish to recal her; and when her father and I sat by her dying pillow, watching her last struggles, amid all our anguish, we could not but speak of the blessedness of sending, as it were, before us, two little cherubs to praise our blessed Saviour in that world where sickness, sorrow and death can never come. On that doleful night how much did we wish for the presence of our dear father, that we might hear from your lips those precious consolations which you have so often administered to the afflicted. We closed her eyes on the morning of the sixth instant.

Thus you will learn, my dear father, that God has again placed us in the furnace. A furnace hotter than it is wont to be heated. But though it will be long ere its flames will cease to scorch us, Jesus is walking with us in it. We thank our heavenly Father that he loaned us the precious gift so long; for all the comfort and hap-

piness which we have enjoyed in her society, and for all the solace she has been to us in our long separation from other friends; and now we rejoice that his will is accomplished in her removal. We have minor considerations, too, did we need them, to reconcile us to her early departure. From what a world has she fled! Had she lived, it must have been amid great temptations, constantly exposed to sin and suffering; and she might have passed her life in alienation from God, and at last gone where hope can never come. Now, her polluted soul, washed, we trust, in the blood of the Lamb, has escaped all these fearful risks, and is safely landed on the shores of immortality. All that remains for us in this afflictive dispensation, is carefully to see that the purposes for which it has been sent, fail not of their accomplishment in our own souls. That it may make us more humble, more holy, more fit for our Master's work on earth, and for his more immediate presence above, my dear father will not cease to pray.

We have, at length, been permitted to welcome to this remote station, our long expected brethren, Robinson and Johnson, with their wives and

infant children. Our joy at seeing the faces of fellow christians and fellow laborers, after so long an interval of loneliness, is not small, and is heightened by some of them having had an interview with yourself.

September 4th.—I have resumed my visits to the Burman village, and find my women as desirous of christian instruction as ever. They have renewed their request for me to read and talk to them every Sunday, which I try to do. On my way, I find good opportunities for distributing tracts, and sometimes for conversation. We have a very small Chinese day school on our premises, taught by Bun-Ty, and our friend Luang Nai Sit has lately sent us two boys, as the commencement of an English boarding school. I instruct them myself, and have some prospect of adding to their number. I believe Mr. J. has completed his Elementary Catechism of Geography and Astronomy in Siamese, since I wrote last. This, and his translation of a small Burman tract, containing the most important christian doctrines, we hope to get printed before many months have passed."

Writing to a female friend, (October 17th,) she remarks :—

Those who first enter a missionary field have not the animating prospects and pleasing variety of employments, which is experienced in joining a long established mission. Picking out a stone here and there, that others may hereafter be able to sow seed, is quite a different thing from helping more experienced laborers to reap the harvest. We have the pleasure to see a few seeds springing up among the surrounding rubbish, it is true, for our three Chinese brethren continue stedfast; and about fifteen others meet regularly to worship with them, but the weeds grow thickly around, and threaten to exterminate them.

Journal. September 28th.—After reading to the Burman women as usual, I went to see one of my most regular listeners who was detained at home by illness. She has had a cancer, or something very much like it, growing on one corner of her mouth, ever since I knew her. As I entered her hut, she told me that her disorder could not be cured, and that she must die. I said, "where will you go when you die?" She answered that she did not know, but added, "I pray to Jesus Christ every night." Her husband, a grey haired old man, who was sitting

on the floor near us, said to me in a peculiarly serious and affecting tone, "I am seventy years old, yet I do not know what will become of me when I die." I then tried to explain to them, in as simple a manner as possible, the importance of repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and the wickedness of worshiping idols. The woman disclaimed such worship entirely. I know not that I ever felt stronger desires for the salvation of any individuals, than I do for these two poor ignorant old people.

It is afterwards added, "This woman died a christian."

"Nov. 13th.—I must take a few minutes to describe to you, though in an imperfect manner, a scene which I witnessed this morning, within a very short distance of our house. A scene in which our deluded Chinese and Siamese neighbours seemed all engrossed. A number of priests were sitting on a zayat belonging to their temple, repeating Pali sentences. All around them were vessels of hot boiled rice; bowls, containing all sorts of Siamese delicacies, covered the floor for a large space. In one corner were a company of musicians with their instruments, with which they had been annoying

us the whole night. On the other side of the pathway, under a large shed, three intensely hot fires were burning, blown by Chinese smith's bellows. In these, the people were melting old brass utensils, such as trays, bowls, spitting pots, &c., to gild four clay images, which they were baking in the furnaces behind the fires. These, consecrated by the string of blessing which was attached to the furnaces, carried across the path and passed through the hands of all the priests in the zayat, were destined, when finished, to be their gods; objects of worship, before whom rational beings were to bow their heads in the dust! And in the *glorious* work, the people seemed intoxicated with zeal; bringing offerings to the priests, contributing their share of old metal, seizing an opportunity to have a stroke at the bellows, &c.; while the women volunteered their services to deal out the viands into the priests' pots, which the inferior part of the fraternity took care to bring in sufficient numbers to receive all the good things. Surely,

> "Satan binds their captive minds,
> Fast in his slavish chains."

It would seem that without some diabolical

influence exerted upon it, the human mind could never stoop so low.

Bangkok, Jan. 3d, 1835.

My dear ———:

After the various occupations and distracting cares of the day, it is pleasant to sit down at evening calmly and silently to converse with those dear friends with whom I once enjoyed a happier intercourse in a lovelier clime. My friends seem more endeared to me by absence, and the interest which I feel for my native country increases with every fresh arrival. What rich blessings our Heavenly Father is showering upon you; and, through you, on many other portions of our revolted world. The Missionary Herald for 1833 and 4, is full of absorbing interest. I could scarcely leave off reading it to attend to my necessary avocations. I seemed to be visiting fellow missionaries in every part of the globe, and beholding them simultaneously attacking the empire of Satan; penetrating into some of his secret corners, and bringing out to the light many of his hidden devices; and imagination beheld the day fast approaching, when the kingdoms of the earth

shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

But when the vision passed away, and left me to look, in sober reality, on the region which surrounds us, the subject assumed a different aspect. If the heart of the christian is thrilled at the contemplation of the efforts which are now making for the conversion of a world, what is to become of the millions who yet lie buried in the unbroken darkness of heathenism? Christian philanthropy and active zeal must be increased in a rapid ratio, to meet their pressing wants, or many generations must go down to the grave without the light of the gospel. It *will increase*, for we have an immutable promise that all shall know the Lord, and divine inspiration has said, "how can they hear without a preacher, and how can they preach except they be sent?"

When my little boy died, one of our own servants made his coffin, and another carried him to his lowly bed. One lovely daughter still remained to solace us a little while, and then rend our hearts by a severer stroke. Since her death, I have felt more than ever, that my home is in heaven, and that this life, in its darkest, as

well as its brightest moments, is but the road to it, and will soon have been all traveled.

Bangkok, March 22d, 1835.

What shall I, what can I render to the Lord for all his mercies? In the language of dear Mr. Cornelius, whose interesting memoir I am now reading, I may say, "many and wonderful have been the vicissitudes of my life, but when I look back I can say, in view of what God has done, Oh, my mercies, my mercies!"

April 5th.—I have received much encouragement to day from a portion of one of Mr. Cornelius' letters. Many times have I "been ready to shrink back, and to say, Lord, I pray thee, have me excused;" but if God should honour us by permission to "lay *foundations*," foundations for his church in Siam, whose wretched inhabitants have groped, for so many ages, in the darkness of heathenism, we shall have reason to praise him through all eternity, for having employed us in such a service. Over and over again have I been obliged to say to myself, "that the only way of doing *anything* to promote a great object, is to try and try again, and when one plan fails, to resort to another;" and, if God spares my life, I am resolved "to keep

on trying till *my* work is done." But, my dear sister, you can hardly form an idea of the *materials* we have to work upon. Acquaintance with them drives us to entire dependence on the influences of the Holy Spirit. There is all our hope and it will not fail us.

Bangkok, July 6th, 1835.

My very dear ———:

I feel a strong desire to converse with you a little this evening in my loneliness, and tell you something of the goodness of God to me. Brother and sister Johnson, who have been with me during the absence of my beloved husband, removed to their new house, in another part of the town, ten days ago. Brother and sister Robinson were already living at the same place. I am consequently alone, as it respects society, and feel, more than ever, my entire dependence on God for protection. Even the Portuguese soldiers, on whom I placed some reliance, when alone last year, are all dead except one, and he, of course, does not attempt to keep guard alone during the night, so that the cheering voice of the watchman is no longer heard. My Almighty Protector, however, keeps me from *fear* of evil. His mercy, also, still spares to me my darling

son, though, two weeks ago, I expected this letter, like some which have gone before it, would have been obliged to tell a tale of sorrow and bereavement. One evening, at sunset, the little fellow was playing about the floor as usual, making the house ring with merry sounds, and before midnight became so ill that I trembled for his life. He was violently attacked with what I supposed to be the cholera, and I immediately resorted to laudanum and the warm bath, hot flannels, &c., which, after some hours, checked the progress of the disorder; but the next day a fever came on, attended with a bad bowel complaint, and his head was dreadfully affected. Two nights, I gave up all hope of his recovery, and was enabled to resign him calmly to Him who gave him. The kind attentions and sympathy of brother and sister J——, during the day, were very soothing. He has since recovered, and I feel as if he was a fresh gift from God. I have been able to study Siamese daily with a teacher, besides attending to my pupils at home, and establishing a small day school at some distance from our dwelling, which I visit two or three times a week. It is true this is very little missionary work, com-

pared with what I hoped to do, but that *little* demands gratitude. Of the eight missionaries who sailed in the Corvo from Boston, August 2d, 1830, we alone remain among the heathen. Truly God's ways are not as our ways, or his thoughts as our thoughts. The instruments he deigns to employ may fail, or be laid aside, in rapid succession, but the glorious work still goes on, the efficiency remains the same, and it is an honor and a blessing to have been employed a day or an hour in such a cause. I realize, more and more forcibly, how *very little* God usually permits one individual to perform. Now and then, one person is seen to accomplish what we call a great deal, but even then, his efforts are so linked with those of others, and such a train of providential circumstances attend them, as to lessen considerably the amount due to him alone. Yet these feeble agencies are, in the aggregate, destined to be the means of the conversion of a world now lying in wickedness, for God has declared his purpose to effect this mighty work through his children. Which of us would be willing to forego our share in it?

Mr. J. has sent me, by different opportunities, three valued letters, which he has received from

you since he has been at Singapore. The one giving an account of the decease of our beloved grandmother, he has retained with others, to bring himself. I long to see it, hoping to read a full description of the dying hours of one so dear, and who had so long been a veteran disciple of our blessed Lord. The lives of few, I believe, have been fraught with more intrinsic usefulness, or regulated by higher devotion, than hers. It is impossible to mourn her release from a world in which she has endured such a fight of afflictions, and entrance on the reward of labours such as hers. A reward, not of debt, but of grace. I love to contemplate her ransomed spirit, bowing before the refulgent throne above, and adoring Him who sits thereon, as she raises her note of praise for his wisdom and love, manifested in all the way he has led her.

Extract from a letter dated Bangkok, July 14th, 1835.

The *Bible*, the precious, invaluable Bible is yet to be given to these dying multitudes around us. One press will scarcely suffice for the Siamese language. Who will send us another for the Peguans, the Cambojans, Laos, Cochin-Chinese, and other nations, speaking each a

different tongue? And who will *come* as missionaries, teachers, printers, translators, &c., for this great work? My heart almost fails me when I think of all the means required, and our hearts would quite fail us all, and we would go home discouraged, if we had not the promises of God to encourage us. He can do the work, and he can and will furnish the means. Next to those blessed and never-failing promises, nothing cheers and animates us so much as the assurances we receive from our brethren and sisters at home, by their letters, and by the public prints, that they are labouring with, and praying for us. The dear children of God are all employed in one cause—the building up of his glorious church; and what a rapturous day will that be, when the last stone shall be brought forth, and we shall all be assembled to shout "grace, grace unto it."

Journal. Sept. 7th.—In the evening had the pleasure of attending the monthly concert at brother Johnson's.

Sept. 9th.—Spent the day, after hearing the lessons of my scholars, with sister Robinson, and attended our female prayer-meeting. The first Wednesday in each month, we meet as a

maternal association. On the other Wednesdays, besides a great variety of other important objects, we intercede for our fellow missionaries in every land. And that we may perform this part of our duty more thoroughly, and render it more interesting, we take the different missions in rotation, one at each time, and converse upon it, and read any interesting intelligence from it which we can procure. Our mission for to-day was Ceylon. These meetings we all consider one of our highest privileges. Every one increases our mutual love.

Extract from a letter dated Bangkok, December 17th, 1835.

Mr. Jones has lately received, from Calcutta, a lithographic press, which he is trying to make work, that he may be able to print something, though neither press nor printer should arrive from America; I hope he will ultimately succeed; but it is a very perplexing business to one who has never even seen such an apparatus before. We have heard of our dear aunt's kind and successful efforts to obtain a press for us at Providence; but when it will reach us, we have no idea. The small edition of Matthew, and the tract which Mr. J. had printed at Singapore,

four thousand copies in all, have long been exhausted. He intends to commence translating again at the commencement of the new year, having been endeavouring to fit himself more thoroughly for the work, by the perusal of native works. I have nearly finished the translation of a small popular Siamese book into English, which I intend hereafter to send you. It contains some of their ideas on religious subjects.

The following is an extract of a letter to Mrs. Johnson, whose toils and sorrows are also ended; a saint of blessed memory; peculiarly endeared, by her lovely piety, to all who knew her.

Bangkok, Dec'r. 21st, 1835.

Dear Sister,

We were greatly rejoiced, this morning, to welcome dear brother Bradley home again. I need not say how much our joy would have been heightened had you and brother J. accompanied him. But we hope that your separation from us will be for the advancement of that blessed cause to which all personal gratifications should be sacrificed. I thank you for your kind letter, and am rejoiced to hear that you have such delightful scenery around you, and walks, which permit you to take pleasant and healthful exer-

cise. I have always felt the want of them exceedingly here; a flat monotonous country is peculiarly gloomy to me. I used to gaze at the distant hills as we stood on the deck of our ship, with a feeling of pleasure, as if I had almost caught a glimpse of our native shore. O that I could thus look by faith upon Zion, and fasten my affections there.

"There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit;
And, with transporting joy recount,
The labours of our feet."

With such a prospect before us, my dear sister, how is it that we think and converse so much on earthly subjects? How is it that we cannot soar far above all meaner things, and look at every object in the light of eternity? I know that if you can be useful to any precious souls for whom Christ died, while you remain in Chantibun, you will rejoice in the sacrifices you are making; and we cannot believe that the portions of divine truth which you distribute there will all be lost, even though you have no other opportunities of doing good. If you wish for any thing which I can procure for you here, I trust that you will not hesitate to afford me the

pleasure of doing so, but I rather hope that you will soon return and live near us again, for while there are so many thousand Chinese idolaters in Bangkok, who need your labours, I can hardly feel reconciled to this painful separation. I shall probably never feel towards any other missionary sisters, exactly as I do towards yourself and sister R. Your arrival and temporary residence in our family, after such a long and dreary period of loneliness and affliction, has endeared you both very much to me. Indeed, I believe that all our little circle love each other better than we should if we lived in a civilized land.

Continuation of extracts from letters.

January 6th, 1836. I have recently been devising a plan for writing the Siamese in the Roman character, endeavouring to make it correspond as nearly as possible to the other Indian languages which, through the indefatigable labors of some philanthropists in Hindostan, are fast becoming Romanized. The powers given to the Roman letters are the same as in the language of the Sandwich islands, and most of the languages of continental Europe.

January 23d.—I have sometimes felt as if it was small business to be attending personally to

the teaching of ten children and youth, but as I was reading in Doddridge's family expositor, a few days ago, the affecting account of Christ's taking little children in his arms and blessing them, I felt ashamed of my ambitious, unworthy feelings, and thankful to be employed in any way in the cause of Jesus.

At the entrance to one of the temples, I met with an old gray-headed man, who was employed to assist in repairing it, and said to him, "you are an old man." He assented. "You will soon die," I continued, "and then what will become of your spirit?" At first, he replied, he did not know; but the next moment his eye brightened, and he looked upward, pointing toward the sky, and said, "I shall go to heaven for working at this temple." "No," said I, "that will not take you there." "Where shall I go then?" "I do not know; if you worship the true God, and believe in his Son, he will take you to heaven; if not, you cannot be saved." "Who is the Son of God?" I gave him, in answer to this last question, a brief account of Christ's mission to earth, and his death on the cross for the salvation of all men, and left him. How did my heart sink within me as I walked

down the steps, to see him look up in my face with an expression of wonder, and say, "she can speak Siamese!" And this, thought I, is all the interest the poor old man takes in the glorious tidings which have just reached his ears; and such, my dear sister, is the impression which such conversation makes, apparently on nearly all with whom we labor. If living among the heathen will not teach a christian his entire dependence on the influences of the Holy Spirit, I know not what will. Mr. Jones had considerable congregations at two of the wats, to whom he preached Jesus. He has commenced visiting the wats in Bangkok, for this purpose, once a week. But if he should not miss one Sunday for *two years*, he would not be able (taking them in rotation,) to visit them all. As to the thousand temples in other towns in Siam, God only knows when his children will preach Christ in them. His precious promises assure us that the time *will come.*

Sunday, 24th.—Mr. J. and myself are reading the memoirs of Gordon Hall, Boardman, and Mrs. Allen, of Bombay. In meditating upon them this morning, my imagination followed them to their new mansions of glory, and I

fancied I heard them conversing together. "Brother," says one, "look, for a moment, at that lower world which we have just left, and see how the miserably low standard of piety to which we attained while living there, is set up for a pattern to our successors. I feel ashamed and confounded at the sight, and long to fly down and tear the veil from their eyes, and show them how they should live." "And yet," replies his companion, "there is one, now reading, who is living far below even our mark, can she hope ever to reach these holy abodes?" Never, my beloved S——, except through the perfect righteousness of Christ. I feel that my *chief* inquiry, at present, should be, How can I live nearest to God?

February 14th.—I have to-day seen, for the first time, a Siamese woman apparently affected by the news of salvation by Jesus Christ. While Mr. J. was preaching, she arose from her seat to look at the speaker, and remained so, the tears running down her cheeks until he ceased, when she exclaimed, in an affecting manner, "I wish to receive that word." You can hardly realize how thrilling it is to me to hear a congregation

of these heathen addressed, in their own language, on the salvation of their souls.

June 10th.—I have just been reading over your last kind letter, and the tear started in my eye as I laid it down and mused on your past sorrows and my own. Truly the world is not our rest—it is not designed to be so. Our heavenly Father has bliss, perfect, undying bliss, in store for us, but his wisdom chooses that we should pass through a state of probation and trial before we enjoy it. Yet when those trials are likely to be too heavy for our present frail natures to endure, he can so strengthen our mental vision to view eternal realities, as to make all present sufferings seem light and transient. I never had such clear and delightful views of the happiness of being in the hands of a supremely wise and benevolent God, and having all my circumstances ordered by him, as when I had just closed the eyes of my darling first-born, whose loss will never be fully made up to me in this world.

June 18th.—You ask if I do not sometimes pray for christians in my native land? I assure you I often do, for after the exercise of all due

charity, there is still reason to fear that too many, even of the true followers of Christ, are far from obeying the precept, "whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." We are all too apt to seek our own selfish ends, and gratify our own carnal inclinations—to "seek our own, and not the things which are Jesus Christ's." Even when we enter on his service, and think we are wholly devoted to it, self is apt to insinuate itself so secretly into our hearts, that, ere we are aware, we are drawn completely aside; and though we pursue still the same objects, it is for different ends, and with different motives, to those with which we commenced. I can in no other way account for the strange and undue importance which some eminent christians attach to subjects and things of inferior moment, while the "weightier matters of the law" are passed by unheeded.

November 1st.—At this season of the year the king and his nobles go out in their state boats, in imposing processions, to make ostentatious and expensive offerings to the priests of Budh, before whom the highest officers in the kingdom, and even his majesty himself, bow in

humble adoration. These priests remind me of the "man of sin, who exalteth himself above all that is called God;" for the person of the king is considered so sacred, that the citizens may not look upon him. Every house and shop, which he passes, is required to be closely shut, not a window or door may be left open; and all who happen to be outside must fall on the ground and hide their faces in the dust, or run the risk of being shot by the guards. Yet this haughty monarch and his proud nobility, (in whose presence also common people may not walk upright, but are obliged to crawl on their hands and knees,) go, day after day, from temple to temple, and do obeisance to the priests; and they, in their turn, bow themselves before the senseless image of annihilated Deity! Is not the triumph of Satan complete in this benighted land? But the time is at hand when Satan shall be bound, and his empire broken. Happy day for Siam.

November 9th.—While we rejoice in the rich spiritual blessings which our heavenly Father is bestowing upon you, our hearts are pained to see among our christian brethren of every name, so great a waste of time and talent in contentions

and controversies about things of secondary, and in some instances, trifling importance. At this distance, and placed, as we are, in the heart of the enemy's country, it seems to us that the great body of our Immanuel's army, instead of gathering all their strength to unite in a vigorous attack upon the common foe, are employing their forces against one another, in a great measure, and contenting themselves with making a few feeble skirmishes, and sending a few detachments against Satan's great and fearful army. In the heat of battle, shall one regiment turn its arms against another, because it conceives it is not marching according to the orders of the General? Or a soldier leave his ranks, or an officer his post, to fight a duel with his fellow? The battle between the church, and her great adversary, is growing hotter; the army of King Jesus is augmenting; larger and larger bands of devoted warriors are penetrating into the enemy's borders, and we are sorry to see any of our respected brethren and fathers apparently more solicitous about questions which gender strife, than the salvation of precious souls. Would you like to know what Satan is doing here. He is using the same shrewd policy among the heathen,

as in christian lands—turning the attention of the people to trifles, lest it should be fixed on things of eternal importance. According to their own system, budhists have no means of escape from punishment after death. There are seven missionaries come to show them a way of salvation, yet they are not heeded, and why? because their whole attention is absorbed in trifles. We are most inconveniently situated, and our labors seriously impeded for want of a location which we may be allowed to consider in some degree permanent. The minister of foreign affairs, under whose jurisdiction we all are, has given positive orders that we shall all rent houses on his premises, as soon as he can build them. This he commenced some months ago, but a royal white elephant being taken dangerously ill, he was obliged to attend upon it so constantly, that all his business of state, and of course, our petty concerns, were brought to a stand, so that for many weeks, none of the brethren could obtain an audience.

We are cheered to know that our individual case is always mentioned at your monthly concert. We are trying to sow a little seed, but *you* have as much to do with its springing up as

we; for without the watering of prayer it can never grow. I wish those who are wont to find themselves too much fatigued by the labors of the day, to attend the concert, were more aware of this.

June 30th, 1837.—Our excellent friend, Mr. Malcom, arrived here in the early part of this month, in fine health and spirits, and we feel his visit to be a great treat; but I fear he will have but a discouraging report to bear of our station to his brethren at home. Yet I know not how we can expect seed to spring up where it is not yet sown.

Journal. January 1st, 1838.—As I send forth my thoughts to converse with you a little to-day, and to offer you my kindest wishes for a "happy new year" to you all, the painful reflection that one of our little circle may be beyond the reach of any thing which I can write, forces itself on my mind. Our long loved H—— is probably, ere this, an inhabitant of that world where perfect bliss is unmeasured by the flight of time. We have often looked back on the finished year, as one which has removed from us valued friends and dear relations, but never before, on one which has closed over the grave of a sister!

And I, though not permitted to stand with you around the dying bed, have witnessed during the past year, a new sight; a missionary dying in the midst of the heathen, and pointing them to an abode of blessedness above, after his voice was sealed in death. And ere the year was closed, I found myself again by the side of a departing spirit; another poor Burman woman. She had been a heathen; but I saw her refuse her vain superstitions, and lift her hands to pray to Jesus. She had, for many weeks, professed to trust in Him alone for salvation. In the hour of death, she found him a firm support, and said she was not afraid, for he would take her to heaven.

Extract from a letter, dated February 4th, 1838.

We do not indeed distrust the power or faithfulness of God: but how can we expect that he will perform, by miracles, that work which he has committed to his church? Has he ever promised to convert the heathen without the use of his own appointed means? May God forgive our brethren at home who neglect their duty; who can so easily satisfy their consciences that their great Master calls upon them to labor for

the conversion of those, who, without their exertions, would still have "line upon line and precept upon precept," while millions are groping in the darkness of idolatry, without ever having heard so much as whether there be any Saviour? How is it, brother M., that so many of our most enlightened brethren, whose hearts apparently glow with love to Jesus and zeal in his cause, can be satisfied to spend so much precious time in wielding the pen of controversy on subjects, the belief or disbelief of which, can never affect the salvation of a single soul; or in writing books for those who already have access to thousands more of good books than they can possibly read, while the heathen are mentally starving for the word of life, feeding on ashes, without a particle of truth to feed their souls?"

Most of the following notes were written on the blank leaves of a daily text book.

Gen. ii. 6.—Since I have been in India where no rain falls for several months, I have seen what is meant by a mist going up from the earth, and watering the face of the ground. The more extensively nature's works are surveyed, and the more deeply they are investi-

gated, the more do they confirm and beautifully illustrate the scriptures.

Amos vi. 1.—"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." Who would be at ease in the midst of a siege? When the fight is over, and the victory gained, then will the warrior find that ease which, in this life, he ought not to wish for.

Gen. xxii. Matt. x.—Much encouragement is afforded, in these chapters, to those who have left their native land to carry the gospel to the heathen. From the manner in which Christ sent forth his disciples, it is unequivocally manifest, that he intends the whole earth shall be made acquainted with the glad news of salvation, by means of his own children, and that he will take care and provide for them in every place, and on every emergency. I believe his providence has called me here, and surely I ought to consider it an unspeakable honor and blessing to be engaged in such a service for the King of kings. Abraham could give up his only son at the command of God—could even consent to slay him with his own hand! And cannot I submissively relinquish the society of dear

friends, for a few days, that God may be glorified among the heathen? Only in thy strength, my Saviour. Afford it to me, I beseech thee, that I may not dishonour thy holy name by which I am called.

Eph. v. 14.—"Awake, thou that sleepest," &c. The whole heathen world are sleeping in a deep and death-like slumber. Our unconverted friends are sleeping amid the enlivening beams of a glorious day. Christians are nodding over their work, if not so far gone as to neglect it entirely. We must awake ourselves, before we can arouse our fellows. Then let us up to the work.

Psalm xlii. 1.—Whenever our hearts are in such a frame as to be continually desiring communion with God, as earnestly as the thirsty hart pants for the water-brooks, then are the streams of divine love sweet to our taste. When the season for secret prayer arrives, we hasten to enjoy a feast of fat things; indeed we feel loth to wait for it, but long to leave our daily employments, and often steal a moment from them, to converse with Jesus. All that hinders our intercourse with our Saviour, is irksome; and if at any time we are deprived of our accustomed

privilege, we watch eagerly for the first opportunity to repair our loss. Happy those who thus thirst always.

Matt. xix.—How many who appear, to the world, to be first on the list of saints, shall never enter the world of glory, is known only to Him who searcheth the heart. How many of those who have left their country and friends, apparently from love to Jesus and precious souls, will be found at last to have acted from unworthy motives, cannot yet be told. And how many of those who were, at first, really actuated by motives of love to Christ, may lose much of their reward by the subsequent indulgence of selfishness, worldly-mindedness, pride, ambition, and other evil passions, we know not. Many, probably, who are considered by the Church of Christ on earth, as its brightest ornaments, its holiest, most self-denying members, may have but a low place assigned them in the kingdom of glory, if indeed, they ever gain admittance there. While others, who are comparatively overlooked by their brethren, may be leading more self-denying lives, in the midst of friends and temporal comforts ; may be silently resisting temptation, patiently enduring trials, curbing the evil pas-

sions which they find continually rising in their hearts, and embracing all those little, every day opportunities of honouring God, and doing good in the world, which every situation in life offers to the attentive observer. There are, doubtless, many such, who will, to the astonishment of their present associates, shine as stars of the first magnitude, when the judgment of Him who looketh upon the heart, shall have awarded to all an impartial destiny. "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

Exodus xl.—It is a striking fact in the history of the Israelites, that they were always ready to promise, "all that the Lord hath commanded, we will do." And so far as those commands related to the furnishing of splendid externals for worship, they were as ready to perform their promise. They were very zealous in bringing their gold, and silver, and brass, and purple, &c., to beautify the tabernacle; and all classes seemed to vie with one another in making offerings of time and money, each in the best way he could, for the object, until a most magnificent apparatus was completed. It was in keeping those precepts that related to the *heart*, and to the *manner of life*, that they

failed. It was just where professors of religion fail now. They find it easier to build elegant places to worship God in, than actually to worship Him in spirit and in truth; easier to give of their earthly possessions for the spread of true religion among their fellow-creatures, than to keep the flame brightly burning in their own hearts. After all the professions I have made, and after having left my country and friends, in obedience, ostensibly, to the command of God, how shamefully deficient am I, in respect to those, which He who looketh on the heart, must regard as of the greatest importance. "Keep thy heart with all diligence." "Set your affections on things above." "Speak evil of no man." "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." "Pray without ceasing."

I. Cor. vii. 29—31.—The present is not a state in which to seek enjoyment. It is a state of probation; calculated, if rightly improved, to fit the soul for the life of purity and bliss, which, in the case of the christian, is to succeed it. Our business here, then, is not so much to enjoy the society of dear friends, as to labour to prepare their souls and our own, for heaven. If

troubles assail us, we should not view them as real evils, but refining fires, which will purify us from all those corrupt passions and propensities which cannot be admitted there. If we enjoy prosperity, let us keep ourselves as humble as though we rejoiced not. If worldly goods be given us, let us use them as though they belonged not to us, but to God; remaining poor ourselves, that we may assist in "making many rich."

But the time is short. O that this truth might dwell perpetually in my mind. I would remember it in the closet, that it may give fervency and intensity to my petitions. I would remember it in the house of God, that my wandering thoughts may be concentred on the important duties of public worship. I would remember it in my family, that I may be faithful to every member; and especially would I remember it in the social circle, to prevent me from engaging in any conversation which is not calculated to advance my own spiritual interests, or those of my friends. O that the still small voice of conscience, whispering "the time is short," might ever interrupt such conversation, and lead me, if I cannot change it to some more

profitable subject, to turn my thoughts inward and commune with God.

Heb. xiii. 14.—"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." So could Christ say. So could the apostles and first christians say. But who can, for the like reason, say so now? What proportion of the christian church at the present time, are going out from their native land, preaching and teaching the gospel to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, as they did? It is fearfully small. What if God, in compassion for the heathen, should permit the man of sin to raise a persecution against his church, and scatter it abroad over the face of the earth, and thus compel his people to become missionaries to the heathen?

Matt. vii. 7. "Ask, and it shall be given you," &c. How much do we lose by not availing ourselves of the fulness of this promise. We ask a little, and receive a little; and then feel, or rather act, as if that little were all that God has to bestow. If we do not value the blessings Christ has died to purchase for us, enough to seek earnestly for them, it is not strange that we receive so small a portion. If holiness of heart,

deadness to the world, lively views of heaven, and the happiness of communion with God, were blessings to be purchased, what price should we deem too great to pay for them? Shall we esteem them less, because they are offered to us without money and without price? Though we are not required to pay for them, they cost the Son of God an immense sum; a sum which we can never appreciate. For his sake, let us value them. For his sake, let us plead earnestly for them, even until we are filled with all the fulness which God has to bestow.

Phil. ii. 3. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory," &c. There is not, in the whole code of Christian law, a precept more difficult of observance than this; nor one which is more universally violated. Witness the controversies among the leaders in the Christian church. How often are they began in vain-glory, and ended in strife. Witness the frequent bickerings among Christians of all ranks. We do not esteem each other better than ourselves, or we should be less confident that we can interpret the scriptures, and ascertain the mind of Christ, better than all who differ from us. If we possessed that lowliness of mind here enjoined,

we could not be so sure that our opinions are correct on all points of Christian doctrine and practice. There is another way in which this precept is violated. Christians are not willing each to take their appropriate places, and perform that portion of labour in the church, for which they are best fitted; else why do we see so much jealousy, so much striving for the glory of this or that work, which can be better done by others, while our own proper department suffers loss? When will that beautiful arrangement of the church, which the wisdom of Christ and his apostles ordained, be again witnessed? When shall each one stand in his lot?

II. Cor. v. 14.—"The love of Christ constraineth us," &c. An unanswerable argument in favour of Christian missions. If the heathen are not dead in sin, then Christ has not died for all. But if Christ has died for all, and all are dead, until they shall obtain life through the knowledge and reception of his salvation, how is the Christian constrained, by love to him who has redeemed his own soul, to go forth and offer that salvation to them who have never heard of it. How much love have we for Christ, if we can live among the heathen, and not be con-

strained to put forth every possible effort for the salvation of all around us. Oh! the love of Christians for their perishing fellow sinners is not like the love of Christ.

Acts xiv. 22.—"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." Then why dread trials, or faint under them? We know they lie in our path; but we know too that they are soon passed. Onward, onward, should be our motto, and when the deep river appears in full view before us, let us march boldly through, taking confidingly the hand which is stretched out to keep us from sinking, and looking stedfastly toward the end of our journey, and that blessed country toward which we are traveling. When a black mountain seems to shut up our path, let us climb it vigorously; and when we have fairly reached its summit we shall have a noble view of the road to glory.

II. Cor. iv. 18.—"While we look not at the things which are seen," &c. A hasty glance will not enable us to see eternal things. This is why the world sees them not, and why so many Christians have such faint, indistinct views of them. We must take our telescope, the glass

of faith, and, after carefully wiping from it all the mists of doubt and distrust, look long and steadily at the distant objects it presents to our view. Then they will brighten and expand, till all temporal things are lost in our sight, or sink into their own insignificant places in the landscape.

Rev. xxii. 3, 4.—"And there shall be no more curse," &c. Blessed world, where sin shall no more curse the believer. Here it often obscures our vision so that we cannot see the throne of God, and of the Lamb. There, all shall be clear perception. No mist, no veil to intercept the divine rays. There we shall enjoy the luxury of serving him without these hindrances, and these mistakes, which vex us so much here, and so sadly mar our work. There we shall work in the light of his countenance, and no longer will clouds and darkness be round about him.

Acts iv. 12.—"Neither is there salvation in any other," &c. Do we really believe this? Then let that name be sounded out to the ends of the earth, and let the thousands and millions who have never heard it, know that there is no salvation in any other. Let us not be spending

our time in trifles, when we ought to be making known this only refuge from divine wrath, to those who are ignorant of it, and urging those who already know of it, to flee to it, before it shall be too late. My soul! what is it that engrosses most of thy time and attention? Thine own little concerns, or thy neighbour's peril? Thine own business, or thy Master's commission?

John xxi. 17.—Dear Saviour, thou hast much reason to ask of me the question, "Lovest thou me?" Often have I fled from thee like Peter, but without his excuse. He fled for his life, and before thou hadst suffered on the cross, to atone for sin; but I flee from thy presence when thou art calling me to come into the inner chambers and sup with thee. I flee from thee after I have tasted thy love, and had some sense of the greatness of thy sacrifice and sufferings for sinners. Give me, I pray thee, repentance like that of Peter, which shall induce me to love thee more intensely, and labour for thee more faithfully every day I have yet to live.

Heb. ix. 27.—"It is appointed unto men once to die," &c. Reason has long stood knocking at the door of futurity in vain, asking what *is* death? She never has, and never will, effect an

entrance, or obtain an answer. Her votaries, indeed, are continually passing through the gate, but not one has ever returned to gratify her curiosity. Revelation unlocks the door, and gives us a distant view of what is beyond it, but even she cannot enable us to comprehend clearly its sublime realities; for how can the grub, while crawling in the dust, comprehend the beauty and the soaring of the butterfly, until it is changed into the same glory?

Rom. xii. 2.—"Be not conformed to this world," &c. Oh! who would be conformed to a world like this? To what are its votaries conformed? To love of gold, with all the untold cares and labours, and weariness and anxieties it brings. To love of fashion, with all its slavery. To love of pleasure, with all its disappointments, its envy and its dangers. If the heart of man were not utterly at variance with the holiness of the christian life, surely it would long to be transformed to something better than such unsatisfying pursuits.

John xvi. 8.—"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin," &c. The more extensive our acquaintance with mankind becomes, the more strikingly do we see the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influences, to convince

the world of sin, or rather, as the text is, to *reprove* them of it. Though all heathen, Mussulmen, papists and protestants know that they commit sin, none ever forsake it, but those whose hearts are reproved and renewed by the Holy Spirit. Though all profess to love righteousness, none practice it but those who do it from love to Jesus. Though all, or nearly all, believe in future retribution, none prepare for it, but those who are prepared by the Spirit of God.

Ps. cxix. 54.—"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Though our Saviour has truly said, "in the world ye shall have tribulation," he has given us some sweet songs to sing for our cheering; and we may sing them amidst our heaviest trials, rejoicing in the statutes of the Lord. The songs which David sung, he has left for the church in all future ages. How interesting to reflect that we sing the same strains in which kings and prophets, apostles and martyrs, have praised our God in ages past: psalms which our blessed Saviour used while here sojourning below.

Job. xxxiv. 31.—"Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more." Our proper work in the night of affliction is to humble ourselves before

God, and to form resolutions of amendment, to review our past actions, and see wherein we have offended and how we might have avoided or overcome temptation, and how we can order our hearts before God in future, so as to please him and keep his commandments. When a father chastises a child, it is to make him think of his disobedience and reform his conduct; and if he sees him brooding over his punishment instead of his sin, he feels that his chastisement is not yet sufficient.

John xv. 1.—"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." What a blessed privilege it is, amid the vicissitudes of life, to feel that we are branches of a true vine, and that a husbandman, of Almighty skill, is training us for a more delightful garden. He will give us just as much sunshine, and water us just as often as he sees best for our growth, and when the tendrils of our affections fasten themselves on improper objects, he will cut them off, and prune us, and fit us for the paradise of his presence.

Gal. iv. 6.—"Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." When I was a very little child, and from that time until I had reached the period of youthful gaiety, I had seasons of

strong desire to become a christian, and the greatest difficulty in my way always was, that I was required to love God from pure motives, without any mixture of selfishness. I could and would have performed the most painful popish penance to obtain the blessing, but to love God for his own sake, was something I could not conceive to be possible. So awfully depraved is the human heart, that all the glorious attributes of God, all his mercy and long-suffering toward us, fails to move it to gratitude and love, until the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit rest upon and entirely transform it.

I Peter, ii. 2.—"As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." This is a very striking figure. New-born babes have but one single desire. The thousand things that engage our attention are of no worth to them. But present to them their mother's milk, and see how eagerly they will drink it in, and though satisfied for a little while, they soon cry again for it, and will not be pacified until they obtain it. Now, if in our efforts to become holy, we could shut our eyes to the cares and blandishments of earth, as an infant does to all the luxuries of its parents' table, and desire with equal eagerness, to draw in the

milk of the divine word, we should every day make as sensible progress, in conformity to the image of God, as the child newly born, does in its stature and faculties. We must drink, and drink, and drink again, and not forget it for a single day, if we would be strong men in Christ Jesus.

In it lie concealed mines of hidden wisdom, beauties which can only be discerned by close investigation. Here we find instructions to guide us, consolations to comfort us, admonitions to quicken us, beacons to warn us, examples to excite us, and promises to strengthen our faith and animate our hopes, both for this world and that which is to come.

Rom. viii. 5.—How few have their thoughts and affections, and labours, and the best energies of their nature mainly fixed on "the things of the Spirit." Even in those labours and employments which we undertake for God, how many impure motives, and vile affections, and selfish feelings mingle, so that what was begun for God, ends in self-seeking.

Gen. xxxix. 9. "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" When we think of offending the great, the holy, and long-suffering God, how does the strongest tempta-

tion to sin fall powerless at our feet. Is there a more potent charm to shield us from danger than this verse?

Luke xxiv. 45. "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures." Walking and conversing together in sadness and perplexity, almost doubting whether the religion they had embraced were not all a dream, the two disciples were suddenly surprised by the appearance of a stranger, who, in opening to them the scriptures, and explaining the dark things in the providence of God, over which their minds were brooding, made their hearts burn within them. And, though they probably were not aware of any supernatural influences exerted on their minds, opened their understandings that they might comprehend the truth.

Heb. ii. 17. "Wherefore, in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren," &c. What a consolation it is in the midst of trouble and sorrow, to feel that our great Mediator once suffered just as we do now, and therefore knows how to sympathize with us. In bodily pain and suffering he is our brother, for he has experienced it in its most excruciating forms. In vexation through the sins and deprav-

ity of those with whom we have to do from day to day, he is our brother, for he once lived in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. In the perfidy of those we have loved, he is our brother, for he was betrayed by one who had been his constant companion. In experiencing ingratitude from those for whose good we toil, he is our brother, for he went about doing good to the evil and unthankful. In misrepresentation, slander, scorn, and revilings, he is our fellow-sufferer, for he was accused falsely, abused, derided, buffeted and spit upon. Even in our bitter anguish for sin he is with us, for he sunk under the weight of it in Gethsemane and on the Cross.

Psalm viii. 1. "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!" &c. The heathen, in many countries, have endeavored to throw around the objects of their worship all the glory which their darkened imaginations can devise; but how debased are they all when compared with our Lord, who has indeed set his glory above the heavens, so that all created intelligences may, and must behold it, unless they wilfully shut their eyes, or have them shut, through the influence of heathen progenitors.—

O, if his name were held as excellent by all the earth, how blessed would the nations be.

Hab. iii. 17, 18. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom," &c. When all earthly prospects look gloomy, then heaven appears brighter. When streams of comfort are cut off, we fly to the fountain. When we *see* nothing pleasant, then we take the glass of faith and look away to Jesus. Some of the brightest and clearest views the christian ever gets of Christ and heaven, and the character of God, are obtained in the night of sorrow.

> "As darkness shews us worlds of light
> We never saw by day,"

so God often manifests to his children, when overwhelmed with affliction, such glories, that they feel that all earthly prosperity is as the small dust of the balance, compared with his love. What is the fig-tree and the olive, the flock and the herd, to one whose stedfast gaze is fixed on eternity? There he sees only God, pervading all time and space; and if he can feel that he is the God of *his* salvation, he cannot but rejoice, for he sees that the favour of God will soon be every thing to one who must soon pass into eternity.

Rev. xv. 3, 4.—"Great and marvellous are thy

works, Lord God Almighty," &c. How few persons there are who reflect on the great and marvellous works of God. How little attention do we pay to the operations of his hand in the natural world. If our notice were directed to the scenery and daily operations of nature, we should see wonders of skill and wisdom multiplying around us at every step, and calling forth our increased admiration of the heavenly artist. In the daily rotation of the laws of the universe, we should find most wonderful power exhibited, as well as consummate wisdom, and tender love and care towards all the creatures of God's hand. The saints of old did not shut their eyes to these things. David, in particular, has filled his psalms with beautiful and pious allusions to the scenery of nature, and the government of God in the moral world. How often does he break forth in enthusiastic strains, when contemplating the works of God; the heavenly luminaries, the animal and vegetable creation, the great and wide sea, the depths of the earth, and our own bodies, with other topics too numerous to mention, were constantly on his mind, shewing that he was in the habit of contemplating God in his works continually.

Rom. vi. 11. "Likewise reckon ye also your-

selves dead indeed unto sin," &c. O for that deadness to sin, which is here enjoined. It is an abominable thing. My soul loaths it, and yet strange to say, it cleaves to me. One day after another passes on, and I say to my soul, surely to day I shall gain the victory, and each night I feel conquered and abased by a review of broken resolutions and blasted hopes. Or if on some favored day, I feel thankful for restraining grace, and offer praise to God for having enabled me to overcome, and feel that to morrow shall be as this day and more abundant in spiritual blessings, some new temptation comes to vanquish me, or some old one is indulged, to bring me down into the dust again. Thanks, praises, hallelujahs unending, for the blessed promise of ultimate victory, through the merits of Him who has already destroyed the power of sin to condemn, and who will soon destroy its power to distress and pollute us also.

Psalm cxix. 25. "My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken thou me according to thy word!" How precious are these quickenings of the Spirit of God, when it takes us up out of the dust of self and sin and earthliness, and shows us the glories of the upper world, introduces us to the fellowship of saints and angels, and fills us with

all joy and peace in believing the promises of God, soon to be fulfilled to us through the merits and mercy of Christ our Saviour. How can we cleave to the dust again, after such a quickening?

Phil. ii. 5. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." What is the mind which was in Christ Jesus? Let us carefully search the scriptures and see. What was his mind toward God? Was it not that of the most submissive filial affection? Did not his whole delight consist in fulfilling the work which his Father had given him to do? And was it not his daily and nightly practice to retire for converse with him in secret? Was he not constantly making reference to his Father, and imploring his assistance, and was not the glory of God constantly before his eyes, influencing all his actions? And what was his conduct toward his fellow men? How patiently did he bear with their infirmities. How did he toil for their benefit. Yet how boldly and fearlessly did he reprove their sins. How tenderly did he deal with those who were in trouble. What patience and long-suffering did he manifest toward his frequently erring disciples. In short, how did "love through all his actions run." And such

should be the mind we cherish, such the tempers we manifest. While we hate sin, we must love the sinner, and seek his good. While we labour for God, it must be for him alone.

I Peter iii. 4. "A meek and quiet spirit," &c. A meek and quiet spirit is of great price in the sight of men too, when they know what is for their own interest. It raises its possessor above all the turmoil of the world, and above all the tumult of his own passions, and bestows upon him all that happiness which others vainly seek in most opposite ways. It must be peculiarly pleasing to God, not only because it is fulfilling his express command, but because no other spirit is becoming in such debased creatures. A meek spirit will enable us to bear ill-treatment from others, without injury to ourselves. The weapons aimed at us, will fall powerless to the ground. A quiet spirit will keep us from rendering ourselves unhappy under the thousand nameless, necessary vexations with which life abounds. Who would not covet to put on such armour, even for his own security and peace; and who that considers his own character in the sight of God, will dare to go without it? Give me but this meek and quiet

spirit; and I ask for no other antidote to life's woes, no other armour in the heat of battle.

Psalm xc : 12. On this closing day of another year, let me forget for a while all the cares of earth, and turn my thoughts inward, to bring back, as it were, its fleeting days as they have glided, one after another, into Eternity. Let me extinguish, for a few moments, those false lights which are accustomed to flare and glitter so near my eyes, as to intercept my gaze on the broad light of truth and reality, that I may rightly number my past days. They have been carrying me rapidly onward towards that untried hour, when, with me, time shall be no longer. Has each, as it passed along, done its portion of duty to fit me for eternal bliss? If the sins and follies of each were registered before me, how should I hide my eyes from the sight! If the mercies of each were also registered, how ashamed should I feel, of my continued ingratitude! If each were to bring its account of the friends it has launched into eternity and hidden from my sight, how should I feel the instability of all earthly joys? Fleeting years are snatching from me all that gives life its value. But fleeting years are also wafting me onward to the

meeting place of lost friends, to an inheritance of joy which time can never fade.

Job vii. 1. "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of an hireling?" Man is an hireling. God has said to every being on whom he has bestowed life and intelligence, "Go, work in my vineyard." Not, "go, gather sticks and straws for your own amusement," not, "go, sit down idly to eat the fruit which may chance to grow around you;" but "go, *work;* and when your labour is finished, you shall receive its reward." The christian is an hireling, why then should he look for rest in life's vineyard? And what a fearful responsibility rests upon him if he does not work with his might! With the future consequences of his work he has nothing to do: these rest with his master. It is his to toil unremittingly, without neglecting any part of the task assigned him, till death closes his contract; then a glorious reward shall be given him. What a consoling, animating reflection it is, that we are but hirelings. Had we been left to find or make our own enjoyment in this world of sin, how wretched had been our lot! Were it our eternal destiny to labor in our present toilsome employment, struggling per-

petually with its discouragements, vexations and trials, how forlorn and cheerless would be our prospects! But thanks be to God, our day of toil will soon be ended, our task fulfilled; and then "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," shall be our undeserved reward.

John xiv. 2. "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." Many mansions, but all in one house.—There the children of God shall live together in sweet and holy intercourse. No difference of opinion, no jarring interests, no jealousy, envy or other unholy feelings, will ever interrupt their converse. All will be love and harmony; and the joy of one will be multiplied by that of the rest. There the faithful missionary who has labored alone in the midst of the unclean and wicked heathen, with whom he could form no friendships, who could feel for him no sympathy, and who refused to join in his praises of his God and Saviour, will meet again his beloved friends, the distinguished saints of God, whose holy writings have so often kindled in his heart the flame of divine love, and his fellow-missionaries who have toiled and suffered in the same cause, in different parts of the world. With what animation and glowing affections will they

recount to each other the love of Jesus, manifested through all the changeful scenes of their sojourn on earth, and raise the hallelujah to God and the Lamb, together! There too, Jesus, who purchased for them this everlasting joy, shall add to it the delight of his continual presence, and from that presence, no sin shall ever separate them. No turning away from Jesus there. No carnal, selfish, worldly propensities, to draw the attention away from the contemplation of His glorious character. No stupidity of mind, no weakness of body, to intercept communion with God. Glorious, happy state!—Why do I not contemplate it more, long for it more, prepare for it better?

ON READING THE WORKS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

"There is a calm for those that weep,"
And thou, sweet spirit, now dost prove
The blessed rest of those who sleep
In Jesus love.

Awhile thy spirit tarried here,
Pent in its tenement of clay;
But, tried with storms and tempest drear,
It fled away.

Thy pains and sickness all forgot,
Thy sorrows done, thy sins forgiven:
It now has found (O happy lot,)
Repose in heaven.

Awhile thy sweetly sounding lyre
Played mournful in this vale of night;
Now it is tuned with heavenly fire,
In worlds of light.

And when the whole redeemed throng
Shall gain at last that peaceful shore;
'Twill sing in notes shrill, sweet and strong,
Forevermore.

Sister, dost thou remember how we met
One evening, as the sun went down, for prayer,
And how a lovely one was with us, bright
In youthful beauty, her sweet speaking eye
Beaming upon us with a sister's love?
Dost thou remember how that eye was bent
In holy reverence o'er the book of God,
As she read to us from its sacred page;
And how she knelt with us, and fervently
Implored a father's blessing on us all?
And then our thoughts were waked from earthly dreams,
And, soaring upwards, led us to converse
Of the departed. Each had lost a friend;
A dear young friend, who died in glorious hope
Of immortality. And as we traced
Their shining path to Heaven, our souls were rapt

In the sweet theme, until it seemed as they
Were hovering o'er us, spirits perfect made;
Clothed in white robes, and singing the new song
They learned from harps on high.

But ah, no voice
Came whispering through the air, that one of us,
Ere yet another year had winged its flight,
Should join that happy company; that soon,
One of us three should take her place among
The three celestial ones of whom we spake:
No form came flitting through the twilight shade
To give us friendly warning that ere long
She, who with lowly voice of penitence
Had led our vespers, would be chanting forth
Heaven's hallelujahs with that sainted choir.

Sister, that hallowed hour shall never fade
From our remembrance, till we too shall join
Their song of glory: Till we meet above
And, with our beatific sister, tune
Our golden harps before the throne of God.

—♦—

There is a rest where Jesus' hand
Shall wipe the tear from sorrow's eye;
There is a glorious happy land
Reserved for all the saints on high.

There is a rest where guilt no more,
Will rob the soul of holy joy:
Where sin and death shall lose their power;
Where satan's wiles can ne'er annoy.

There is a rest which care shall flee;
Where disappointments never come;
A state of blest tranquility;
The christian's safe and peaceful home.

There is a rest which I, one day,
Far from this gloomy world may find
When I shall cast these clogs away,
And leave my pains and sins behind.

Then, O my soul, with patience bear
These light afflictions of thy clay;
They are not worthy to compare
With the bright glories of that day.

Cast far away thy doubts and fears,
Thy heavenly friend ere long shall come
To snatch thee from this vale of tears,
Up to his own eternal home.

THE MOTHER'S CORPSE.

She lay in solemn stillness. Not a sound
Broke on the quiet of the lonely room;
And she whose very looks, so lately had been watched
With tenderness, by husband, children, friends,
Was left in solitude; and every foot
Fell softly, as if fearful that its tread
Might waken the dear slumberer. That sleep
No sound, save the archangel's trumpet blast,
Shall e'er disturb.

One entered. Measuring
The room with slow and mournful step, he strove
To calm his bursting heart, ere he approached
To look upon her. In his youth, her voice
Had been the first to call him, father. Since then,
In many an hour of deep distress, that voice
Had been his consolation. She was, too,
The staff of his old age; and when he thought
Of all her filial love, the tenderness
Of infancy came o'er him, and he wept.
He turned to leave her; and in turning saw
His last, dear lovely daughter standing by,
Lovelier and dearer for their mutual sorrow.
She seemed a star to gild his eve of life;
A ministering angel sent to comfort him;
And while he looked upon her form he felt
That life was not all darkness to him yet.

Another stood beside that couch. His eye
Was tearless; but his hand was on his breast;
For there was anguish there; though he had nerved
Himself to calmness. On the lifeless clay,
He gazed almost unconscious, for his thoughts
Were with the disembodied spirit in the skies;
Hoping to meet her in the blissful land
Of immortality. Yet he has ties to earth.
He looks upon his offspring, and a father's love,
With all the care it brings, shall rob his grief,
(When its first bitterness is past) of half its sting.

But there is one, to whom this cup is given,
From whom it may not pass. Perchance she drinks

Less deeply of it now, than spouse or sire;
But she is doomed to take it drop by drop,
Through all her future life. Others have lost a friend,
Her eye rests on a *mother's* corpse! O who
Shall estimate her loss? Who now shall guide
Her inexperienced feet through all the snares
And briars of this wilderness? Who now
Shall teach her hand to pluck the good, and leave
The poisonous fruit which overhangs her path?
She may forget, in hours of youthful joy
This one of sadness; but the ills of life,
Will soon come over her; and when she seeks
For her, who was so wont to sympathise
In all her sorrows, then this awful hour
Shall flash upon her memory in vivid light,
And tell her she is motherless!

TO MRS. FRASER.

Written on leaving for Siam.

From Caledonia's snow-clad land,
From far Columbia's shore,
We meet on Burmah's burning strand,
And part to meet no more!

"To meet no more!" should voyagers say,
When sailing o'er the main,
At some fair islet by the way,
They greet, then leave again.

While the same breeze is wafting on
Both to their native home,
And the same whitening cliffs shall soon
Proclaim their journey done?

We, by time's all propelling gale,
O'er life's dark waves are driven;
But He whose wisdom cannot fail,
Guides to *one port* in Heaven.

Maulmain, Sept. 1832.

The circumstances of the departure of this favoured disciple of Jesus, to enjoy her reward of grace, are delineated in the following letter from her bereaved husband.

Bangkok, Siam, March 29th, 1838.

My dear Father,

To one who has been long accustomed to look upon all the dispensations of God's providence as infinitely *wise* and *good*, however mysterious, I am, in sadness inexpressible, called upon to communicate the intelligence that our Eliza has been suddenly removed from earth to heaven.

I cannot write what my feelings prompt me to, but I know that you will wish, and have a right to expect, a statement of the circumstances by which *you* are bereft of a daughter who had

few equals on earth, and *I*, of what earth cannot repay.

On the mornings of the 26th and 27th inst., Eliza was unwell, complained of pains in the head and stomach, but towards evening of both days she was much better, and took a short walk with me about sunset. On both evenings she read, and wrote a communication for America, which I shall enclose to Mrs. ———. On retiring about ten o'clock on the evening of the 27th, she complained of faintness and a relaxed state of the system, but nothing unusual was apprehended. She slept, for aught that I know, till about three o'clock yesterday morning, when I was awaked by hearing her vomit. I arose and gave her camphor. Purging soon followed. I did not retire again. She got a little rest; just before daylight her strength failed; purging continued. Opium and calomel were freely administered, but before seven o'clock, cramps and spasms seized her. Dr. Bradley was immediately called. Frictions, cataplasms, blisters, and the most powerful internal remedies were tried, but in vain, and about three o'clock, P. M., yesterday, she gently breathed her last.

To the last moment God blessed her with the

full enjoyment of reason. Between seven and eight o'clock she said to me, (which was the first intimation I had of her own apprehensions,) "I commend my children to God and to you; train them up in the nurture of the Lord." I inquired if she had confidence in God? Her reply was, "I have not served him as I ought; I am *very* guilty, but Jesus came to save the guilty. He is all my confidence. Have you any message to send to your friends? "Tell them, live *near* to God."

She had the servants and boys, whom she had long taught, called to her side, and said, "I am about to die, but I fear not death. Never forget what I have taught you. Follow it. Repent; trust in Christ, and we shall meet in heaven;" at the same time stretching her hands and pointing thither. To the nurse, who has charge of our little Julia Eliza, she said, "the child will now have no mother, take good care of her, and become yourself a disciple of Christ." To Howard she said, "Be a good boy, and we shall see each other in heaven."

A little while before speech left her, I repeated,

"'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who've gone before."

She rejoined,

> 'Jesus, *lover* of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly:"

As her sufferings seemed great, I said,

> "Yet a season, and you know
> Happy entrance will be given;
> *All* our sorrows left below,
> And earth exchanged for heaven."

She seemed fully to comprehend the thought, as she did also many delightful passages of scripture which were quoted to her by the brethren and sisters. Her death was the most peaceful and serene I ever witnessed.

Her funeral was attended this morning by all the missionaries and their wives, Mr. Hunter, an English merchant, and his two assistants, the Portuguese Consul and his Secretary, and the Supercargo of a Spanish brig now lying here. Mr. Robinson read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, to the latter part of which, (18 to 24,) Eliza used frequently to advert, as affording a glorious view of the blessedness of Christianity. He then preached a short discourse from Rev. xiv. 13, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c. Brother Davenport followed in prayer, and then I endeavoured to impress the solemnity of the event on the people about us,

in Siamese. There was much weeping, and the event will long be remembered. Oh that it might be for good. Her body sleeps beside Rebecca Wild and Henry Grew;* while her spirit, no doubt, now mingles with theirs in all the ecstacies of bliss.

Thus, after being blest, for nearly eight years, beyond the ordinary lot of mankind, I am left in desolation. What she was to me as a wife, a mother, a counsellor, a fellow-labourer, one sheet or two cannot tell. None can tell, or know, but He who knows ALL. Her counsel was invaluable, and her labours abundant. Besides the good which she did in Burmah, two poor Burman women here, converted, we trust, by her instrumentality, have preceded her to glory. Two more, of whom we have strong hopes that they are true, though feeble Christians, still remain; they called, and wept her early departure. Many about us, and others at a distance, will long remember her unwearied instructions. So much is already evident; but she wrote much for the Siamese. A large school-book has been printed which owes all its Siamese to her. She long since wrote the histories of Joseph and Nebu-

* Her children.

chadnezzar. She had lately written the history of Moses, bringing the history of the Israelites down to their entrance into Canaan. The histories of Joseph and Nebuchadnezzar she had carefully revised and enlarged this year.—The latter she finished only three or four days before her death. They will be printed and read perhaps for centuries. She had recently directed her attention to Siamese poetry, and written several hymns. Her Siamese and English dictionary is an immense work, and will prove of incalculable service to future missionaries. These are but parts of what she did; but she *rests* from her labours, and her works will follow her. Thanks to God for such a wife; thanks that she was spared so long, and thanks that he has taken her to her happy home in glory! May I and my children follow in her steps, and reach her blessed end. Yours, &c.

Now, unto him who brought again from the dead, our Lord Jesus Christ, and who will, with him, bring all his saints at his coming, be glory everlasting, Amen.

THE END.

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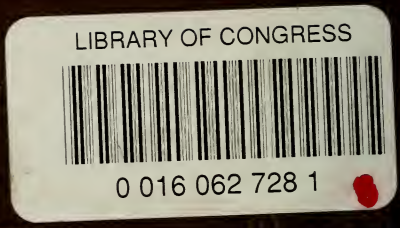
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